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THE LITTLE FROCK.

Faded and worn in places,
Faded and worn and old,
My tears on it leave their traces,
As I smooth it out fold upon fold;
For it beareth a magic power,
The font of my tears to unlock,
When I think of the happy hour
I fashioned that little frock.

My darling sat beside me,
With his beautiful eyes agleam,
And the joy that was erst denied me
Seemed into my heart to beam,
As I thought of the wondrous mercy,
Of the goodness and the love,
That prompted "Our Father" to send me
Such an angel down from above.

My needle flew faster and faster,
My thought took wing as it flew,
To the courts of the blessed Master,
From whose gates my baby came through;
And I wonder if all God's angels
Looked as pure and frail as he—
If among the shining archangels
There was any more fair to see.

But there came a pale, sad stranger
Unto my house one day;
My heart stood still, as if danger
And darkness about me lay.
I besought him that he would leave me,
For his touch was chill and strange,
And he laid his hand on my baby,
Who straightway seemed to change.

His pale little cheeks grew whiter,
His bright blue eyes grew dim,
His clasp on my finger grew lighter,
The victory was to him—
To the pale and icy monarch,
Who rules with relentless sway,
Who came to my home in triumph
And bore my treasure away.

But a greater than he remaineth,
Who hath broken the bonds of the tomb—
Who hath robbed King Death of his terrors
And lighted the pathway of gloom;
Who hath promised us sweet consolation,
If we patiently bow beneath his rod,
And I know he has taken my darling
To bloom in the garden of God.

"Chicken and Eggs are Out."

The most sensible thing in the Farm Ballad line, Mrs. Emerson and Will M. Carleton to the contrary notwithstanding, is the following from O. C. Kerr's "Chicken and Eggs are Out," in which an old farmer laments the nuisance of being bothered by city folks who want everything for nothing, as well as those who don't care what they get so they get it in the country. The old agriculturist says:

Between the town-folks selfish, who think a farm is made
Of eggs and chickens and dairy, which no cash is paid.
And them, more free and foolish, who never think a mite,
But come, when they'd do better, at home, a precious sight—

We, farming-kind, get riley, to find the breed so flat;
And where's our human natur' if we made naught but that?
We give to the ones we welcome potatoes, pork and greens,
With apple-pie and doughnuts, and a spice of corn and beans.

But as for milk and poultry, and things in skin and shell,
We send them down to the city, for they were made to sell;
And if 'twas them they wanted, these folks who range and roam,
They ought to know where to buy them, and that is in town, at home.

So hide the coop, there, Betsey, and nail the hen-house stout;
We've city-boarders comin', and chicken and eggs are out;
And what is still more pesky, to happen the self-same day,
Our milk it is all out, likewise—until they have gone away!

HOW TO MAKE SOURKROUT.

AS SUNG BY JOHN THOMPSON.

Now if you want to find out how to make good sour krout,
Youst listen by my story, und I tould you all about;
Sour krout ain't made from leather, like some peeples supposes,
But from dot bully flower vot dey call der cabbage roses.

CHORUS.

Sour krout is bully; I tink it's very fine;
Well! I guess I ought to know, 'cos I eat him all der time.

We take him from der garten when he's shmall vot he can pe,
Und schop him up in pieces, as fine as any tea;
We put him in a tub und stamp him mit our feet,
Und stamp, und stamp, und stamp, und stamp; dot makes him nice and sweet.

CHORUS.

Und den we put in blendy salt, but don't put in no snuff,
Nor any syk-cum pepper, or any of dot stuff,
We put him in der cellar den, till he pegins to schmell;
My gracious he was pully, und ve Dutchmens love him vell.

CHORUS.

Now when he schmells all he can schmell, und don't kin schmell no schmeller,
Ve go down by der tub vot ve put down in der cellar;
Ve put some in a pot mit spec und let him bile,
Und every von can schmell him den for fifty thousand mile.

CHORUS.

JONES, who has recently been married, says that courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister.

NED GAINER'S GOLDEN DREAM,
AND HOW IT ENDED.

About the year A. D. 1812 there lived in one of the eastern counties of Pennsylvania an extensive farmer by the name of James Armstrong. He owned and cultivated three hundred acres of limestone land; had a son named John, a young man of twenty-two summers, who had the management and oversight of the farm; had two daughters, the elder of whom was married to Samuel Green, who had a farm of his own two miles distant from that of his father-in-law; the second daughter was in her teens, named Mary, and budding into womanhood.

The hero of our tale was named Edward Gainer, but usually went by the cognomen of Armstrong's Ned. He had been raised in the family, as a bound boy, until the age of sixteen, which period he had passed, but still remained in the family, working for wages. He had been sent to school so many months in the year, according to the terms of the indenture, but had never applied his mind to book-learning—took more interest in ball-playing and rabbit hunting; would always shirk hard work when it could be done, but was willing to do light, pottering work, such as little turns about the house and garden. This caused him to be rather a favorite with the female part of the family. In regard to intellect, he was evidently below mediocrity and was so considered, not only by the family, but by the neighbors.

At the age of about eighteen or twenty he began to dream dreams of gold that lay buried in the ground by the side of certain old logs in Mr. Armstrong's woodland. This he communicated to the family, who laughed at him for being so seriously impressed about such foolish dreams. He still, however, continued to dream about the gold and to tell his dreams, not only to the family, but to his fellow laborers and the neighbors.

The dreams began after some time to take a more definite shape; the particular locality was pointed out by obvious marks, with the injunction to not disclose the locality or the gold would disappear, a very probable circumstance. He now began to stay out late at nights occasionally, not coming in until after the family had all retired. His clothes would be somewhat soiled and he would go immediately to his trunk before retiring.

After a while he began to call the attention of his fellow servants to his treasure, not by letting them handle it, but by letting them look at it from a distance, by candle light, while he would handle and put it back in his trunk. The evidence now assumed a tangible shape and some people began to think there was some truth in it, though he still refused to let any one handle it but himself. A few months later he carried a ten dollar gold piece in his pocket, which he would let any one handle and his fellow servants declared that the handfuls they had seen him have looked just like that one.

Mr. Armstrong, Jr., said to him one day, "Ned, how much gold have you found?" "I am not at liberty, at present, to tell that," was the answer. "What good reason have you for withholding the information?" "All I know about the gold comes through my dreams, and through them I am warned to let no one handle more than one piece of it until the whole is collected, which will not be until the end of three years from my first dream about it." "We would be better satisfied about the reality of this matter if we had more tangible evidence," said Mr. Armstrong, Jr. Ned's reply was, "I am fully satisfied so far, and am bound to obey instructions for fear I may not get the remainder, which is to be much greater than what I have already found. I shall want to buy a farm or go into some other business at the end of three years."

In a family conversation about this matter, John told the conversation he had with Ned and intimated that he believed that Ned was in earnest and determined to be governed by his dreams and make no further disclosures until the expiration of the three years. It was also suggested in this conversation that Ned ought to have more schooling to fit him for the society that his wealth would be likely to throw him into, and further that he ought to be better dressed, as the wages he had been receiving would only enable him to dress in home-made attire.

Subsequently in conversation John said to Ned, "If you are assured of obtaining this wealth which you dream of, how do you propose to get along until the end of three years and fit yourself to take a respectable position in society?" "Well," said Ned, "I am helpless in the matter until that time, except what I earn with my hands. Your family have always been very kind to me, and I hope you will still give me employment; but if you will advance me some money from time to time as I need it, I will give you my notes, payable in gold, at the end of three years, with interest, and I will go to boarding school at the county town, and get some better clothing."

After further family consideration, Ned's proposition was agreed to, and he went one session to boarding school, and thus *finished* his education. He came home again, not to work, but to act the gentleman.

Mr. Armstrong being a wealthy farmer kept, besides horses and oxen to do the work of the farm, three blood horses for the saddle; one of these was for Miss Mary's use whenever she chose to use it. John was fond of fox hunting and kept a pack of hounds. Ned, or Mr. Gainer, as he was now being called, would sometimes accompany John in his fox hunts, using one of the saddle horses. Mr. Green, the brother-in-law of John, was also a fox hunter and kept two blooded horses; sometimes Mr. Gainer rode one of these and was made their equal among their associates.

Mr. Gainer now lived well, dressed well, and spent his time very pleasantly. Sometimes he would ride with Miss Mary to church, at other times ride with Mr. Armstrong, Jr., or Mr. Green, or both. At this period, every body who rode at all, rode on horse back—it was the fashion. The riding vehicles of that day were heavy, lumbering two horse carriages after the English fashion; the only exception was the quaker one horse chair, with wooden elbow springs. I would not intimate from the fact of Mr. Gainer riding to church, occasionally, with Miss Mary, that there was, or ever had been anything like courtship between them—there is no evidence to sustain such a supposition. They were both going to the same place, from the same house.

One of Mr. Green's blooded horses was a splendid animal, bright bay, black feet, mane and tail; the latter slim, and reaching to his heels. This horse Mr. Gainer frequently rode, while Mr. Green would ride the other saddle horse, which was also a very fine one. One day while riding together, Ned said: "Sam, sell me this horse; I have got so accustomed to his pace that I can't enjoy the riding of any other horse." "Ned," said Sam, "don't ask me to sell that horse; there is not his equal in the county." "Sam, I will pay you four hundred dollars in gold for this horse in one year—give my note for it to-day." "Ned, say no more about the horse; I can't spare him, and Mrs. Green would not part with him, as he is the only one she will ride."

In a few weeks after this conversation Mr. Green thought better of it and agreed to take the note, as it was a great price. Two hundred dollars would have bought any other horse in the neighborhood at that day. In fact, it took a very good horse to sell for one hundred dollars.

Mr. Gainer now began to look around the neighborhood to see where he could buy a farm to please him, as he would be able to pay for it in less than a year; the limitation given in his dreams would permit others to handle his gold after that date. This caused him to make frequent visits to the county town to have titles examined. At last he had selected a farm, agreed upon the price, to be paid down in gold, but there was some doubt about the title; such was whispered by the neighbors. So, the next morning after breakfast, off he starts on his splendid horse to the county town to have the title of that particular farm thoroughly traced, as he had set his heart on that as his future home.

That night he did not return. The next and the next night came and no return of Ned or the horse. A flood of light broke in upon the two families he had fleeced. His trunk was broken open, and behold! about half a peck of bright new pennies presented themselves to the astonished gaze of the beholders!

There were no railroads in those days; no telegraph wires over which the news could fly. The fastest locomotive power was a horse. Ned was well mounted, two or three days ahead, and some borrowed money in his pocket.

How the neighbors talked, how they shook their sides with laughter, must be left to the imagination of the reader. Some said the joke was too good; others said it was too bad, but about its quality of good or bad they were not disposed to quarrel. The fact had been demonstrated for the ten thousandth time that "it is not all gold that glitters."

THE Poughkeepsie *Press*, in reply to a suggestion that the exhibiting bear which has been making a tour in this section, be sent to Vassar female college to give lessons in scientific hugging, says: "Don't send the bear. Send us. We'll go for nothing, and save the hire of the bear; besides, we warrant perfect satisfaction."

A LAWYER and a parson were talking about which way the wind was blowing. The former said: "We go by the court house vane." "And we," said the parson, "go by the church vane." "Well," said the lawyer, "in the matter of wind that is the best authority." And the parson went to cogitating.

"Cording" Your Mother-in-Law's Bedstead.

It is a little singular why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead. But she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up, which event generally takes place in the evening. The bedstead has been cleaned in the afternoon, and having been soaked through with hot water, is now ready for putting up. Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been under water several times in the course of the cleaning, and having swollen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails, has also got into a fit of coiling up into mysterious and very intricate forms. You at first wonder at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be a virtue, and then you scold.—The thread which has been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its introduction in the holes has come off, and you have to roll it up again. Then after you have pulled it through eight holes your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way the rope comes out of those holes again makes your wife get closer to the door. You try again, and get it tangled in your legs. By this time you notice that this is the smallest bed room in the house, and you call the attention of your wife to the fact by observing: "Why on earth don't you open the door? Do you want to smother me?" She opens the door and you start again, and she helps you with the lamp. First she puts it on the wrong side to the rail, then she moves it so the heat comes up from the chimney and scorches your nose. Just as you need it the most you lose sight of it entirely, and turning around find her examining the wall to see how that man put on the whitewash. This excites you, and brings out the perspiration in greater profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out of doors if she doesn't come around with that light. Then she comes around. Finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first walked over. This is done by stepping on the first one and sinking it down, hanging to the head-board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down, lose your balance, grab for the head-board, and miss it, and come down in a heap.—This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise. The top cords are tightened in another way, and you now proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads with you some, and as you do it the frightful thought strikes you that if one of these feet should slip over, nothing on earth would prevent you from being split through to the chin. Then you pull up the first rope until your eyes seem to be on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and the blood in your veins fairly groans, and on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself for life, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up, and grunt. Then you move along to the next, and pull that up, and grunt again. Just as you have got to the middle and commence to think that you are about through, even if your joints will never again set as they did before, you some way or other miss the connection, and find that you have got to go back and do it all over. Here you pause for a few minutes of oracular refreshment, and then slowly and carefully work your way back. You don't jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch, and with consummate patience. A man thus stretched across a bedstead never becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death if he did.—Then he goes over it again waddling and pulling, groaning and grunting, while his wife moves around with the lamp, and tells him to take it easy, and not scratch the bedstead any more than he can help, and that she can't tell which creaks the most, he or the bedstead. And after he gets through she has the audacity to ask him to bring in the feather beds. In the dead of night that man will steal up to that room and look at that bedstead, and swear.—*Danbury News.*

AN editor in a small town in Indiana became imbued with the whirl of society, and this is how it affected him: "We are in the midst of the season for parties, dancing, mirth and festivities. The resined hair of the pale horse travels merrily over the intestines of the agile cat, evoking music to which the impatient feet trip gayly upon the floor."

A GEORGIA deacon, who had been a stout opponent of a new organ which his church had purchased, when called upon recently to close the service said: "Call on the machine! If it can sing the glory of God, it can pray too. Call on the machine!"

Novel Method of Collecting Pay for a Cow.

Some years ago a widow living on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, owned a young cow, of which she was particularly proud.—One day the express train came thundering along and struck and killed the widow's cow as it stood ruminating on the track. The widow applied to the station agent for pay for the animal, and was told to send in a bill to the general office of the road. She did so, but received no reply, and after writing several times without effect, called on the paymaster the next time he went through the town to pay the section hands. With this official she fared no better. Little attention was paid to her threats until about a week after, when the morning passenger train, bound West, came along. The station house of Flora is situated at the top of a gentle slope, about half a mile in length, and which the passenger trains always run up at the regular speed of twenty miles an hour. It was a fine frosty morning, and the sun was just rising, and the engineer noticed what he supposed to be frost plainly glistening on the rails. He sounded his whistle for the station, and putting on more steam, started up the slope. The speed at which the train was approaching carried it about half way up the rise, but the driving wheels of the locomotive spun around on the rails without pulling an ounce. The train came to a dead stop and then began to slide backward. The engineer whistled down brakes and got off to inspect the rails. He found, as he expected, that they were artistically covered with soft-soap, and as he had had some previous experience of that kind, knew exactly what to do.—He backed down the track about half a mile, and putting the full head of steam on, charged at the rise with full speed. When he found the speed slackening he opened the sand valves and allowed the sand in the boxes to glide through the pipes and on the rails in front of the driving wheels. This, to some extent, counteracted the effect of the soap, and the train got nearly fifty yards further than it did before. It finally stopped again, and the engineer again backed out and again charged the rise. The process was repeated several times, and would have finally been successful had not the sand given out. The soil in the neighborhood was a soft, dark loam, and where the railroad cut was made a stiff, yellow clay was turned up. No sand, however, could be procured anywhere, and finally the whole force of train men went to work to remove the soap.—This they succeeded in doing after half an hour's hard work, and nearly an hour behind time the train reached the station. A few days after a similar difficulty was experienced, and the road officials began to get decidedly angry. An attorney was sent out there to discover and prosecute the perpetrator, but soon after his arrival was confidentially informed that the road would have no trouble in future if the widow was paid for her cow.—He took the hint, telegraphed to the President, and received the necessary authority, paid for the animal and left the place. The track was never soaped afterward and the widow got another cow.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

THE BEST BED.

Of the eight pounds which a man eats and drinks in a day, it is thought that not less than five pounds leave the body through the skin. And of these five pounds, a considerable per centage escapes during the night while he is in bed. The larger part of this is water, but in addition there is much effete and poisonous matter. This, being in great part gaseous in form, permeates every part of the bed. Thus all parts of the bed—mattress, blankets, as well as sheets—soon become foul, and need purification.

The mattress needs this renovating as much as the sheets.

To allow the sheets to be used without washing or changing for three or six months would be regarded as bad housekeeping; but I insist, if a thin sheet can absorb enough of this poisonous excretion of the body to make it unfit for use in a few days, a thick mattress which can absorb and retain a thousand times as much of these poisonous excretions, needs to be purified as often certainly as once in three months. A sheet can be washed. A mattress cannot be renovated in this way. Indeed, there is no other way of cleansing a mattress but by steaming it or picking it to pieces, and thus in fragments exposing it to the direct rays of the sun. As these processes are scarcely practicable with any of the ordinary mattresses, I am decidedly of the opinion that the old-fashioned straw bed, which can every three months be exchanged for fresh straw and the tick washed, is the sweetest and healthiest of beds.

If in the winter season the porousness of the straw bed makes it a little uncomfortable, spread over it a comforter or two woolen blankets, which should be washed as often as every two weeks. With this arrangement, if you wash all the bed covering as often as once in one or two weeks, you will have a delightful, healthy bed.

Now, if you leave the bed to air, with open windows during the day, and not make it up for the night before evening, you will have added greatly to the sweetness of your rest, and, in consequence, to the tone of your health.

I heartily wish this good change could be everywhere introduced. Only those who have thus attended to this important matter can judge of its influence on the general health and spirits.—Dio Lewis.

Josh Billings on Love and Moustaches.

Dear Susan: Yu tell me in yure letter that yure lover haz been kluss attentiv for two years, and yu waz when yu begun.

This iz pesky buthersum.

There ain't no law or gospel tew make a phello pop the question who ain't on the pop, nor there ain't no science neither that wont vary.

Science never ought to be resorted to only in desperate kases, but whare kourting bekums kronik, it is allowable.

No man haz to kourt forever, I'll be darned if he hez.

I have no doubt that kourting averages phull as happy as getting marrid, but we have got, in this world, tew take the bitter with the sweet.

Dear Susan, after you have exhausted all maidenly and honest efforts try melankolly—try histeriks—try a decline, try going tew yure uncle's for a fortnite and see if yure phello will phollo—talk about the other world, (I don't mean Europp, but whare the weary are at rest)—try sich like things.

If all these don't phetch a krisis and make the kittle bile, the last and only hope is tew start a counter irritant in the shape ov another phello.

If yu kant make yure lover jelous drop him like a kold pertato; he ain't worth trieing tew warm up.

If he marrys yu it will be bekause he kant think of any thing else tew do, and is entirely out of a job.

Pardon the sincerity ov mi advice, dear Susan, and do jist as yu please in the premises. Adew.

Dear Smiggings: I kant tell yu what will make yure mustach gro; suppose yu try lamp ile; if that don't sprout it suppose yu try a poultice ov tan bark; if that don't jerk it suppose yu buy a ticket in some gift lottery; and if that don't draw suppose yu let it alone and go tew kultivating yure branes.

I hav knu young men tew make a mark this way in the world who hadn't enny mark on their upper lip.

BAILEY'S DANBURY NEWS.—If you have got any secrets you can now tell them to your wife. She will keep shady.

When in California we saw Joe Goodman of the Virginia City *Enterprise*. Virginia City is 350 miles from San Francisco, and Joe had come over to spend the afternoon. It is a miled country out there.

A Danbury agriculturist made a scarecrow so infernally frightful that *it not only kept away the crows*, but caused a winter-killed pear tree to leave.

A milk pitcher, thrown by his wife at a Nelson street man on Monday noon, missed the aim and ruined a handsome frame which enclosed the words, "God Bless our Home."

A round-shouldered and inquisitive stranger kicked an ornamental dog on a Nelson street stoop to see if it was solid or hollow. It was not an ornamental dog, however, but one that was there on business, and the round-shouldered and inquisitive stranger is now quarantined with an aunt on Delay street.

The lawns are quite verdant now, and nature's monograms illuminate the linen pants of the romantic. They are the only greenbacks current everywhere.

THERE are persons now living in Benton who remembered old Billy B., of whom it might be said he furnished an example of the "ruling passion strong unto death." When very ill, and friends were expecting an early demise, his nephew and a man hired for the occasion had butchered a steer which had been fatted; and when the job was completed the nephew entered the sick room, where a few friends were assembled, when to the astonishment of all the old man opened his eyes, and turning slightly, said, in a full voice, drawing out the words:

"What have you been doing?"

"Killing the steer," was the reply.

"What did you do with the hide?"

"Left it in the barn; going to sell it by-and-by."

"Let the boys drag it around the yard a couple of times; it will make it weigh heavier."

And the good old man was gathered unto his fathers.

It's the little ones in the cradle that makes home howl.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - July 4, 1873.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY:
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
SHERIFF:
HERMAN BAUMER, Conemaugh Boro'.
TREASURER:
A. D. CRISTE, Munster Township.
COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD GLASS, Ebensburg.
POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
ANSELM WEAKLAND, Chest Twp.
CORONER:
R. H. SINGER, Johnstown.
AUDITOR:
H. B. FREIDHOFF, Conemaugh Borough.
JURY COMMISSIONER:
HENRY TOPPER, Adams Twp.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.—Love of fun, if not love of country, prompts the printer boys to go in for a big time on the Fourth of July, and hence, in accordance with a good old custom, no paper will be issued from this office next week.

The Democratic Ticket.

The Democratic county convention has met and done its work by placing in the field a full ticket, and although several true and deserving Democrats failed to be recognized by the convention, it is but just to say that the entire ticket deserves and we sincerely hope it will receive the unqualified endorsement of the *united* Democracy of Cambria county. Let us refer briefly to the several candidates:

Henry Scanlan, Esq., of Carrolltown, was nominated for Assembly on the first ballot. Mr. Scanlan was born in Cambria township, about five miles north of Ebensburg, and is now we presume some 55 years of age. He is a plain, practical man, possessing a fair education and sound judgment, and will make a faithful, honest and reliable representative. He has never held any office except that of County Surveyor, which he has filled with notable ability and integrity, and to the entire satisfaction of the people. What gave Mr. Scanlan a peculiar advantage over his talented and worthy opponent, Mr. N. Horne, is the fact that while the weight of the Democratic vote is north of Ebensburg, that section of the county has never yet been represented in the Legislature by a Democrat from among her own citizens.

For Sheriff, Herman Baumer, of Conemaugh borough, has been nominated. He is of German parentage, is a thorough business man, in the prime and vigor of life, and possesses the ability to perform the duties of the office with safety and advantage to himself and the people—the integrity to do justice to all, and the humanity not to be oppressive to the poor and unfortunate. We predict that the office so efficiently filled by a Buck, a Myers, a Blair, and a Bonacker, will find an equally competent incumbent in Herman Baumer.

A. D. Criste, the nominee for Treasurer, was born in the eastern part of Cambria county, and, with the exception of a very brief interruption, has spent his whole life within her borders. John Criste, his father, was one of the earliest settlers of this county, and of his many sons all are either farmers or mechanics except the youngest, A. D. Criste, the subject of this notice, who, owing to an injury which unfitted him for manual labor, was compelled to resort to business pursuits. He is eminently qualified for the office for which he has been nominated, and deserves to be triumphantly elected, as we confidently hope he will be.

Edward Glass, of Ebensburg, the candidate for Commissioner, has on two several occasions held the position for which he is now named, and his success *then* is a sure harbinger of his success *now*. While previously occupying the position it is admitted by all that he watched the interests of the people with an argus eye, and did more to preserve the public buildings from decay than any other occupant of the office.

Our nominee for Poor House Director, Anselm Weakland, was born within a few miles of his present residence in Chest township. He is a farmer of studious and industrious habits, and has no political ambition other than to become a faithful guardian of the public interests.

Henry Topper, the choice for Jury Commissioner, is also a native of Cambria county. He is a gentleman of sterling worth and unflinching integrity, and possessing as he does a thorough acquaintance with the people of the county, is peculiarly fitted to fill the jury box.

For Coroner no better selection, as well in the matter of location as of fitness, could have been made than that of R. H. Singer. The duties of that office require an incumbent to reside at or near Johnstown, and no more suitable person could have been selected than Mr. Singer.

Lastly, Henry P. Freidhoff, the gentleman named for Auditor, is an intelligent citizen of Conemaugh borough, and, as his name indicates, is of German extraction. He is a good penman and is in every other way qualified for the position of County Auditor.

Democrats, these are the candidates that have been placed in nomination by a convention in which every township, borough and ward was fully represented by fairly elected delegates—all Democrats, true and tried. The Radical organs have not attempted to charge the "Ebensburg Ring" or any other "ring" with their nomination. There is no "ring" about them except the ring of the true Democratic metal. We must elect them.

The Defeated Aspirants.

It is a subject of general remark that no ticket ever placed in nomination by a party convention was so fairly apportioned over the county as the one which is now before the Democrats of Cambria seeking their suffrages—a fact which may have had something to do with the selection of the ticket. The candidates for Assembly and P. H. Director were taken from the north, the Sheriff, Coroner and Auditor from the south, the Treasurer from the east, the Commissioner from the centre, and the Jury Commissioner from the southwest.

Yet, strong and unexceptionable as is the ticket, it cannot be denied that aspirants equally deserving, as has ever been and ever will be the case in nominating conventions, were forced to forego the coveted prizes.

Nathaniel Horne was before the convention for Assembly, and the county does not boast a worthier man or a more steadfast Democrat; yet many of the southern delegates conceded the nomination to the north, while the delegates north of Ebensburg went solid for Mr. Scanlan.

For Sheriff several aspirants besides the successful one were presented, all of whom are men of fitting qualifications and undoubted fealty to the party. John D. Thomas is a life long Democrat who has always labored, in sunshine and in storm, in prosperity and in adversity, by night and by day, for the success of the party; and it may be added that no man has truer friends. George Gurley is an earnest, enterprising young Democrat, and has ever been a consistent supporter of the party. Capt. Wm. Linton has already shown the very highest *capacity* in the discharge of an important public trust, and made a gallant show for the nomination. His record was faultless, but like the others named, he was forced to succumb to the will of the majority. These gentlemen will all support the ticket with an earnest and hearty good will. Capt. Jas. Benford, whose cleverness is universally admitted, was also before the convention. Of his democracy we can say nothing approvingly so long as he is "disgusted" with a nomination that has been made in accordance with the accepted rules of the party. No matter how deserving he may be, Capt. Benford's common sense will tell him that the lowest candidate could not be nominated instead of the highest.

So as to Treasurer. No truer Democrat or more deserving gentleman than David Humphreys is to be found anywhere, and had he won the prize his election would have been a foregone conclusion. As for ourself, modesty forbids laudation, however much we may have thought we were the man for the emergency—the one altogether lovely. The convention did not coincide in our opinion, and when nineteen votes we received instead of forty-four we hoped for were recorded in our favor we confess that the wind was taken completely out of our sails. Still we accept the situation without a murmur and shall do battle for the ticket to the best of our humble ability.

In the ballotings for Commissioner two of the staunchest Democrats in the county, Messrs. Jos. W. Pringle and Lewis Shank, were postponed, another being chosen. Our knowledge of these two gentlemen assures us that, like ourself, they will sink all personal disappointments in their zeal for the success of the entire ticket.

The same thing may be said of the unsuccessful aspirants for Poor House Director.

We may here speak with pride of the Democrats of Ebensburg. The choice of a large majority of them for Assembly, Sheriff and Treasurer was defeated, and yet we have heard of not a single Democrat in Ebensburg who will not give the ticket his undivided and unqualified support. The talk about the "Ebensburg Ring" had been harped upon so much by the radical journals and radical politicians that many honest Democrats believed such a thing existed. If it *did* exist, the nominations show it to be broken and powerless at this time, and also plainly indicate that the DEMOCRATIC PEOPLE of Cambria county have firmness and intelligence enough to make their own nominations. Of course the whole "Ring" story is false as—we were going to say hell itself, but that is undoubtedly too true for the comfort of some people—and the original idea in regard to it could only be conceived by a dishonest or crazy radical. The "Ring" bubble, however, has lost its wind at last, and it only remains now to be seen what new humbug will be started to deceive the honest yeomanry of Cambria county. Of one thing all can rest assured—the Democracy of Cambria, having in a fair, open convention nominated a ticket to suit themselves, *mean to elect it*. The united Democracy of Cambria county has never been defeated, and *it cannot be defeated now*.

THE nomination of Herman Baumer for Sheriff has had a chilling and most disastrous effect on certain radical wire-pullers in this locality, and has completely disarranged all their supposed cunningly devised plans for the campaign. It was cruel thus to disappoint their cherished hopes and drive the radical ship straight against the Democratic breakers. Had Baumer failed of success in the convention, the radical leaders hereabouts were prepared to present to the voters of the county what they conceived to be a very attractive political programme. But that is all over now and is to be numbered among the things that will not be. Verily, has their bread fallen on the "buttered side."

THERE were twenty-four deaths from cholera and cholera morbus in Cincinnati on Wednesday last.

Lager Beer and Ale.

The amount of capital invested in the manufacture of lager beer and ale in the United States far exceeds the estimate which would be placed upon it by persons who have not given the matter some consideration. At the recent meeting of the Brewers' National Congress, held at Cleveland, Ohio, an address was delivered by Mr. Louis Schade in reference to the extent and present condition of the breweries in this country, from which we extract the following facts: The number of breweries in the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1872, taking the special brewers' tax as a basis, was 3,041, against 2,900 for the preceding year, or 1,735 which manufacture *under* and 1,306 which manufacture *over* 500 barrels annually. The whole amount of beer and ale made during the year was no less than 8,009,969 barrels, against 7,159,740 barrels for the year previous. The amount of the beer tax in 1872 was divided among the following States, thus:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
New York	31.96	Missouri	4.57
Pennsylvania	12.61	Wisconsin	3.79
Ohio	9.04	California	2.46
Massachusetts	7.02	Maryland	2.15
New Jersey	6.94	Michigan	2.13
Illinois	6.22	Indiana	2.05

A comparison instituted between the United States and the North German Confederation (now Prussia) shows that the popular impression in favor of the latter being the greatest beer drinking country in the world is incorrect. In the North German Confederation the consumption of beer in 1866 was 21.23 quarts per head, and the beer tax 8.02 cents per head. In this country the consumption of beer was 25.47 quarts per head, and the tax 21 cents per head. In 1869 the North Germans consumed 4,782,261 barrels of beer, and in this country about 5,866,400 barrels were consumed. We gather from Mr. Schade's address the surprising fact that the brewing interest of this country is even greater than that of the distilleries. The capital invested in distilleries is $15,545,116, and the amount of wages paid by them per year $2,049,810. The annual value of their material is nearly $20,000,000 and their products amount to $36,191,133. The breweries and malt houses are valued at $56,796,683; the annual value of materials, $37,180,778, and the yearly value of their products $67,723,158. The number of hands employed in the distilleries amounts to nearly 5,000, while the breweries employ 14,083. The foregoing statistics are interesting, and show at a glance that the liquor interest in this country is one of great magnitude and power, and that the effort to destroy or eradicate it by legislation is a mere delusion.

Resolved, That the act of a majority of the members of the last Congress, involving what is known as the "back pay steal," by which they voted into their pockets thousands of dollars which did not belong to them, was most flagrantly improper and infamous, and should secure the condemnation of all who were a party to it, and we demand that the provisions of the late act of Congress by which salaries were increased shall be promptly and unconditionally repealed.

The foregoing is one of the resolutions adopted by the Radical State Convention of Iowa, which met at Des Moines last week. It is the counter part of resolutions on the same subject which had been previously passed by that party at its State conventions held in Ohio and Maine. The downright hypocrisy which is apparent in a radical convention squarely denouncing a majority of the members of the last Congress for passing the back pay steal, and at the same time refusing to utter one word in condemnation of Grant, the chief cook and bottle washer in the disgraceful swindle, is as transparent as it is cowardly. If members of Congress are to be arraigned at the bar of public opinion for voting for a bill giving them extra pay and doubling the salary of the President, shall Grant, whose signature made it a law, be esteemed guiltless and the one altogether lovely? If there is any difference in the degree of their rapacity, it is clearly in favor of Congress, for Grant declared in advance to one of its members that he would not sign a bill increasing his own salary two fold, unless it contained the extra pay clause for the benefit of Congress. Grant was the chief sinner in this grab game and is responsible for it for the reason that he could have prevented it by his veto, which is always equivalent to the vote of *one-third* of the members of Congress. To denounce Congress for the swindle and condone Grant's complicity with it, is to convict the agent and permit the principal offender to escape.

The threat to repeal the act at the next session will not seriously disturb the stolidity of our "second Washington." Grant's salary cannot constitutionally be diminished during his term of office, and if there were any possibility that a repealing bill would be presented to him, which there is not, his well known respect for the constitution, to say nothing of his inordinate love of money, would arm him with good and sufficient reasons in his estimation for its veto.

THE New York *Sun* may be prejudiced, but it tells a power of truth about President Grant. Says the *Sun*: "All great men have their failings; none are immaculate. Cæsar was ambitious, Marlborough was penurious, Napoleon was a fatalist; but Grant combines the qualities of them all. Grant is ambitious, Grant is penurious, Grant is destitute of religious sense, and in addition he may be fond of whisky; but he is our President at the rate of $50,000 a year, and who knows that he will not wish to be President for twenty years to come? And if he wishes it, who would be so base as to oppose him?"

IN a discussion in the Constitutional Convention last week, on a resolution to adjourn until September 16th, Judge Woodward permitted himself to be betrayed into an exhibition of ill temper not at all creditable to his age and experience in public life. He asserted that it was not safe to life and health to remain in the city during July and August, and concluded as follows.

"What was the nervous sensibility which led the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Harry White) to move to reconsider the resolution to adjourn, the other day. It is those miserable newspapers around him and all of which are praising him and his friends for reconsidering that most sensible resolution. The newspapers! Why, sir, the whole pack—Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart—have been in full howl at my heels all my life; and I expect they will continue to be. I am not afraid of all the newspapers though.

"Why, sir, I hear continually from the interior that the newspapers of Philadelphia give the people no idea of what this Convention is doing, and I defy any man who reads the daily papers of Philadelphia to get a tolerable idea of what is going on in this Convention. Here sit some gentlemen, very respectable reporters, who give fancy sketches of what occurs here and what is said, and that is served up in the papers without any connection, without any explanation, without any full exhibition of the questions; and these convey no idea to the people. Now, why do not these papers, that are so delighted with hurrying this body through the months of July and August, give to the people of Pennsylvania some intelligible account of our proceedings? They have not done it, and because they have not done it, I moved the other day, after we had passed our resolution of adjournment, that the Secretary should prepare and publish in every newspaper of the State a list of the amendments to which we had agreed. And a howl arose against me here from gentlemen, as if I had proposed to cut off somebody's head. It was voted down with that sort of vengeance with which my propositions are generally voted down in this house."

If Judge Woodward supposes that the people would have endorsed an adjournment of the Convention from June 27th until the third Tuesday of October, which he himself advocated, without a rigorous protest against a proceeding so entirely unnecessary, he sadly misconceives popular sentiment. While the people are perfectly willing to accord the convention full and ample time to perfect its work, and to perfect it well, they will not quietly submit to any protracted or unnecessary delay. They expect, and they have a perfect right to expect, that the new constitution will be submitted to them for their ratification or rejection not later than at the October election. It is important that this should be done, if for no other reason, in order that the next Legislature may be subjected to the stringent provisions contained in it against the insufferable evil of special legislation. If Judge Woodward really believes that the high state of the mercury during July and August will incapacitate him for the performance of his duties, he has only to make that fact known to the convention, throw himself upon its indulgence and the necessary *furlough* will be allowed. If there are any other members who dread the effects of the raging of the dog star, the same immunity will be granted them.

HON. MICHAEL C. TROUT, of Sharon, Mercer county, fell dead in the washroom of the Mansion House at Mauch Chunk, Pa., on Wednesday evening of last week. Accompanied by a niece, he had been participating in the summer excursion of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association, and had just returned with the party from a trip around the Switchback, and was in the act of making his toilet, when he was stricken by heart disease, and sinking to the floor, expired almost immediately. The remains were taken in charge by the officers of the Association, and after being properly prepared and enclosed in a magnificent burial casket, were forwarded on the following morning to his bereaved friends. Several years ago, Mr. Trout represented the Mercer district in Congress, and at the Reading convention last year he was strongly urged for the Democratic nomination for Governor of this State. He stood high in the confidence of his party, and as a citizen maintained a pure and unsullied reputation. His age was about 60 years.

THE notorious William J. Ovens, who was tried some time ago for the murder of Colonel Riddle, has been nominated as the Radical candidate for Assembly in the Fourth (Philadelphia) district. The Democrats of the Third district, in the same city, intend once more to disgrace themselves by nominating the bland and child-like Samuel Josephs. Can any other city in this "glorious Union" produce for popular admiration and applause two candidates for legislative honors, who, in all the essential elements of political knavery and turpitude, approach within gunshot of Bill Ovens and Sam Josephs? The times are sadly out of joint, but in the two instances referred to Philadelphia stands unrivalled and without a peer.

THE St. Louis *Republican* has information of a secret organization entirely free from the Granges and the Patrons of Husbandry, known as "The League of Justice." The primary object of this League is represented to be the repudiation of the railroad bonds issued by various county, town and municipal governments throughout the northwestern states, and the seizure and common division of lands that have been granted away to corporations by the United States Congress. It is claimed that the League is established in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri, and is making headway in Texas, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. A membership of 260,000 is claimed in the various States.

FRANK WALWORTH, the young man who shot and killed his father in New York city not long since, was on last Wednesday evening found guilty of murder in the second degree. Not yet sentenced.

A Young Bigamist.

THE MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES OF A YOUTH OF 19—HE MARRIES TWO GIRLS AND IS DISOWNED BY HIS FATHER—A STRANGE STORY, BUT TRUE.

Within the limits of the Twenty-third Ward there resides a wealthy and aristocratic family, the direct descendants of a very old and a very thoroughbred branch of English nobility.

As the legitimate fruits of an extensive manufacturing business, the father, who is also an "exhausted dip" in municipal politics, has accumulated an immense fortune, which enables him to live in style and splendor. As the great Longfellow has sung "Into each life some rain must fall," so into families, whether they be powerful and rich or obscure and poor, the angel of fate plans trouble and tribulation. Very frequently the children by their headstrong and perverse conduct bring shame and disgrace upon the family, and such is the case of the story of which we write.

A son, a jovial, handsome boy who always wanted his "own way," and would have it, by his mischief-making proclivities kept the old man in a perpetual state of "hot water." The lad was a heart-crusher among the girls. At last, becoming an intolerable nuisance at home, he was packed off to a celebrated military academy not many miles from the city, to be educated and to be out of the way. After being absent about three years, a few months ago the boy returned, full fledged and educated, to his home. He was then nineteen years of age, with a dashing devil-may-care air about him, which captivated the "dear girls" more than ever. He soon made the acquaintance of a buxom, good-natured and pretty little factory-girl, who worked in his father's mill. The acquaintance rapidly ripened into love upon her part, and the beardless youth became tainted with the same sensational feeling also. He did not dare to conduct the intimacy openly, for fear of incurring the displeasure of his family, and so the courtship was carried on in secret. A proposal of marriage was accepted, and a clandestine wedlock arranged.

The same was consummated. The young people—the foolish lass of eighteen Summers, and the foolhardy lad of nineteen Winters—kept the secret faithfully. By some persuasion the young husband became possessed of his wife's marriage lines and destroyed them. He soon grew weary of his youthful bride; and being too cowardly to acknowledge her to the world as such, he began to neglect her. He went with another girl. The damsel lived in Bridesburg, whither the thrice fool-hardy swain hied himself too frequently. The girl was the daughter of people in humble life, and when they were apprised of the prospective nuptials between the son of the rich mill owner and their "Mollie," were glad of heart and buoyant in spirit. The wedding day came, and was celebrated with great *eclat*. The festivities terminated with what in the South would be dubbed a "hoe-down."

This marriage had been conducted with more publicity than the former, and soon reached the ears of the stern parent of the twice married youth. The case was investigated. When the father was acquainted with the fact that his son was a bigamist, his rage knew no bounds, and he determined, in order to maintain the dignity and pride of the family, to disinherit the wilful malefactor. The girls, the victims of the wiles and wooings of the young Lothario, carried their cases before a magistrate, but the proceedings were dropped, most likely by the old man shelling out some of his lucre. The stripling was turned from his father's house with the brand of the family's displeasure upon him, and he no longer is to be seen in the rural districts of the Twenty-third ward. Whither he has gone no one knows.—*Phila. Sunday Mercury.*

A BLOODY RECORD.—*Murder of a Contractor on the Pennsylvania Railroad—A Westmoreland County Man Slaughtered—Money the Object in Both Cases—Suicide of One of the Guilty Parties—An Accomplice Confesses.*—The people of Spring Mills have been agitated for some some time past by the story of two murders and a suicide in their quiet neighborhood. In April last, it will be remembered that we published an account of the suicide of one Mr. Young, under circumstances that afforded no satisfactory explanation. He was a young man, highly respected, with fair prospects and good health. But one day he went into the woods, cut open an artery in his arm, and by holding it open with a stick, succeeded in putting an end to his life. It was not known that just before the suicide Young was sent for by a young friend named Kenley, and a private interview took place, but the object of the conference or what was there communicated is not known, and was not supposed to have any connection with Young's last fatal act. But soon after his death, Kenley, who had been convinced that he could not recover, sent for Dr. Van Valsah, of Spring Mills, and made a most startling confession of two murders, in which he and Young and two other men had participated. The first murder was committed last fall, the victim being a contractor on the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose name we have not learned. He appeared in the place with about two thousand dollars, and these four young men enticed him into a restaurant kept by one of their number, and after making him stupid with drink, knocked out his brains with an axe and took his money. Then they sunk his body in a deep sink hole in Spring creek. The second murder was committed in March or April last, a short time before the confession. The victim in this instance was a gentleman from Westmoreland county, who had previously purchased Moat's Mill in Penn's Valley. The particulars of this murder are not given. The man was traced by his friends as far as Center Hall on his way to the mill, with a sum of money which he intended to use in making a payment upon the property. Since their disappearance at the time these respective murders are said to have been committed, neither of these men have been heard from. Since Kenley's confession the other two men have disappeared from the place. Kenley is recovering, and will probably have to answer for his share in the two crimes that he so freely confessed. His statement has not been made public in detail, and we are able to give only this brief outline, which is the substance of the common talk in the neighborhood.—*Lock Haven Republican.*

IN the Constitutional Convention, on Saturday, J. S. Black, late Attorney-General of the United States, made a splendid speech in favor of swearing every member of the Legislature at the close of every session that he had cast no vote in which he was personally interested, and had supported no corrupt proposition. Of this the Philadelphia *Press* says: "We should like to see this strong proposition adopted, for while there are men who will take any oath to accomplish their ends, there are, even among the worst, some who will shrink from perjury. Let the convention respond to Judge Black's appeal and all the country will say Amen!"

News and Political Items.

—J. F. Speer, of Uniontown, Pa., drowned himself at Kansas City, Wednesday.

—"They put him in a show case," was the remark of a rural lady who recently attended a city funeral.

—A fire in New Castle, last Saturday, destroyed Crawford's planing mill. Loss, $20,000; insured for $9,000.

—A plant has been discovered in Mexico which will cure baldness. It will pay to cultivate it in the United States.

—One-half of the business portion of Thomasville, Georgia, was destroyed by fire on Monday. Loss over $150,000.

—There are thirty-five saw mills in the neighborhood of Williamsport, whose average daily capacity is about 80,000 cubic feet.

—John A. Peters having returned his back pay, an Eastern paper wants to know if this is not robbing Peters to pay Paul Spofford?

—E. J. Heffren, who killed D. E. Halstead, at Salem, Indiana, on June 20, was hanged at Salem by a vigilance committee on Saturday night.

—Friday evening a stroke of lightning damaged the Reformed German church at Titusville and seriously injured the pastor, Rev. J. Fuendling.

—Forest county claims to have the oldest couple in Pennsylvania. The husband one hundred and eight, the old lady one hundred and six, and both are orphans.

—A young man has been arrested and bound over for trial in Memphis, Tenn., on the charge of depositing a postal card containing obscene allusions to the Post-office.

—Jesse Grant, father of the President, died Sunday night at his home, Covington, Kentucky. He was far advanced in years and his demise was merely the result of general debility.

—Mrs. Philip Ensminger, residing near Lisburn, York county, is the first woman to slide off a load of hay this year. She did it on Saturday, and broke one of her legs near the hip.

—At Baltimore, on Saturday, James West, colored, convicted of the murder of Anna Gibson, and Levan Palmer, colored, convicted of felonious assault upon a white girl, were sentenced to be hanged.

—On Sunday evening last two sisters named Hannah and Ann Williams, residing in Phœnixville, Chester county, were simultaneously stricken with paralysis, and died within a few hours of each other.

—An earthquake Sunday morning spread disaster throughout the north of Italy. Fifty-two persons were killed. Venice and Verona suffered slightly, and Feletto and four villages near Vittoria terribly.

—It is reported that a master sailmaker of the Charlestown, Mass., Navy Yard is engaged in repairing the identical flag alluded to in the song of the "Star Spangled Banner." It waved over Fort McHenry in 1814.

—An Alabama lawyer, defending a murderer, spoke for nineteen consecutive hours, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty in seven minutes. They probably did it to revenge themselves for the torture they had endured.

—There are now living of the family of the late Jonathan and Ruth Parker, of Nantucket, Mass., twelve children, five sons and seven daughter, whose ages are respectively 73, 71, 68, 65, 63, 60, 58, 56, 54, 51, 49, and 47.

—An Atlanta physician advises patients who in these cholera times feel "upside down" to rectify that conditon by standing on their heads for a minute at a time thrice a day. Which is a simple way to "heel up" their difficulty.

—A Massachusetts paper having proclaimed that the people of the State are not prostrate at the feet of General Butler, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* remarks: "If his feet are half as dirty as his hands, it is lucky for her that she isn't."

—Henry Clay got $8 a day, and never struck for higher wages. His successor, Mr. Stevenson, gets $40 a day, and is so firmly convinced of his own superior worth that he won't pay back a little sum of $5,000 which does not rightfully belong to him.

—Mrs. Avery D. Putnam, wife of the victim of Foster, who was recently hung in New York, has recovered $5,000 from the passenger railway company owning the line upon which her husband was killed, the Supreme Court deciding not to grant a new trial.

—A curious place for a bird's nest is that chosen by two songsters that have found a dwelling-place on the Derby (Connecticut) Railroad in the angle formed by the cap of one of the trestles of a bridge and the stringer upon which the rail rests. Ten trains pass daily over the bridge.

—On Thursday afternoon a colored inebriate in the employ of Robert Hamilton, of Columbia, divested himself of a pocket-book containing seven cents and a dilapidated tobacco pouch and jumped into the Susquehanna river and was taken down the stream with the current and drowned.

—Mr. John McAllister, who lived a short distance from the village of Dover, Me., reports that on the 5th of June there was a snow-bank at least four feet deep on the south side of a hill near his dwelling. He has lived on his farm fifty-seven years, and never before saw snow upon the ground in June.

—Eben Sumner, of Vinton, Iowa, was discharged from jail after a four months' sentence for attempting to murder his wife, and the very first thing he did was to get a double-edged butcher knife and plunge it into his wife's throat, killing her, and the next thing he did was to kill himself.

—At Des Moines, Iowa, Saturday night, Nelson Yard shot and instantly killed Jackson Jones, who he alleges has repeatedly outraged his wife. Mrs. Yard also fired a shot at Jones with a revolver, but missed him. Yard and his wife surrendered voluntarily to the authorities and are now both in jail.

—A dispatch from Virginia City, June 30, states that Sunday night a quantity of giant powder stored in Root's building, in the rear of the bank of California, exploded with terrific effect. Both buildings are complete wrecks. Ten or twelve persons were killed, including General Von Bokelen, Charles Knox, William Lowe and Benjamin Mandal.

—A girl of twelve years, at Rolling Prairie, Ind., has such a mania for horses, that she frequently imagines herself one, and will eat grass, stamp, kick, etc. She will frequently get up in the night, harness her father's team, and drive miles away, or until she is overtaken and brought back. She will even go to the neighbors and hitch up their teams and run away with them.

—Prof. Wise, that indefatigable æronaut, has at last secured the necessary material aid to fit out a balloon for the purpose of making a voyage across the Atlantic. He is now busily engaged in making preparations for his ocean trip, and expects to be ready by the twentieth of August. The result of this experiment will be looked forward to with great interest by scientific men.

—Let local optionists rejoice; there is a good prospect for a plentiful supply of cider this fall. An exchange says the apples have set well, and many years experience has proved that as the blossoms fall beneath the trees, so the crop will be. If the blossoms are blown away from the trees, the crop will be a failure. This year the ground has been white with blossoms underneath the trees.

—Hiram Powers, the American sculptor of the "Greek Slave" in Florence, Italy, Friday. He had been suffering from consumption for a long time, and his death was not unexpected. The artist he was earnestly devoted to his art, and achieved, years since, an international reputation. Despite his long residence abroad, he always retained a strong love for country, and was at all times thoroughly American. His studio was a place of resort for Americans.

—Molly Ann Kelly, ten years old, left her mother's house in Titusville on the 20th of May last in company with a young man sixteen years of age. She is known to have been in south Oil City in the latter part of May. At that time she heard a gentleman read a notice in the *Derrick* concerning her, and was missing the next morning. She had black curly hair and had on a dress close before leaving Oil City. Any information in regard to her will be thankfully received by her widowed mother, Mrs. Kelly, Titusville.

—At noon Thursday, Samuel Kline, of East Cocalico township, Lancaster county, was committed to prison for the commission of a bloody deed, which will in all probability terminate fatally to the victim of his wrath. On Thursday morning Kline and Myers, the prisoner and two others, were mowing grass. Klopp, who was behind Myers, crept up to him and, without the least provocation plunged a scythe into his body, the point of the blade making its entrance below the ribs on the left side and emerging at a point near the right shoulder.

—An accident occurred in the Hoosac tunnel at midnight on Sunday by which four men lost their lives and two others, if not fatally injured. When about a thousand feet from the eastern portal of the tunnel a box of giant powder exploded, which the regular men were carrying into the tunnel to use immediately behind the locomotive. The fire and exploded with terrific force, shattering the car and instantly killing Timothy Lynch, Henry Ferris, Michael Tibbell and Stephen Brown and Dennis McFadden, foreman of Kingsby, engineer. Kingsby's injuries are serious, but it is expected he will recover. McFadden cannot live.

THE notorious case of Mrs. Cunningham assumed a new phase. On September 1st, 1868, as all who have read the trials cannot fail to be assured, Mrs. Cunningham and two accomplices, William Abbott, Silas Hartman, murdered Jacob Bumgardner and his wife, of Indianapolis, by shooting the man with a gun and the woman with a pistol, the motive for the deed being to obtain money. Abbott is now serving a term in the penitentiary and Hartman committed suicide in jail, but Mrs. Cunningham, who, it is thought, was the deeper dyed in iniquity of the three, has been granted her fifth trial on merely technical grounds. Her first trial resulted in the agreement of the jury, and the second in a verdict of murder in the second degree. The case was then appealed to the Supreme Court, which reversed the decision of the lower Court. Then a change of venue was obtained, and the woman was tried in the Boone Circuit Court, the trial resulting in another disagreement, the jury standing second in a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, with a recommendation to mercy. A motion was then made by the defendant's counsel for another trial, but it was overruled, and the case was carried again to the Supreme Court on two errors: First, in refusing of the demurrer to the evidence for the acquittal, and second, the refusal of the motion for a new trial, which was unanimously decided that the woman must be tried yet again. Mrs. Cunningham has spent about $20,000 for the benefit of the mockeries of justice, and now, after the fifth trial, it will have to spend about $5,000 more.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of EDWARD D. EVANS, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. Payment may be made to Wilmore Ecker & Sechler at Ebensburg, or to the undersigned, Evans at Wilmore.
ORPHA J. EVANS, Administratrix.
WM. H. SECHLER, "
June 20, 1873.—6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of Wm. Kittell, Administrator of the Estate of Peter Kittell, late of Cambria township, dec'd, as shown by his second partial account, and all parties interested are hereby notified that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Ebensburg, on Friday, the 15th, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
GEO. W. OATMAN.
Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to distribute the money in the hands of Peter Roberts, Administrator of the Estate of Michael Roberts, late of Cambria township, dec'd, as shown by his account filed, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of August, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
GEO. W. OATMAN.
Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.—3t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.—Estate of JOHN SCHERDON, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of decedent are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
JAMES SCHERDON, Administrator.
Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.—6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Estate of ORMES STEVNER, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased. Letters Testamentary on the estate of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that immediate payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
E. M. GEORGE,
JOSEPH CRISTE,
Hemlock, May 16, 1873.—6t.*

Estate Notice.—LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the estate of MICHAEL M'CARTY, late of Washington township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. Payment may be made to Wilmore Ecker & Sechler at Ebensburg, or to the undersigned, Evans at Wilmore.
JOHN H. DOUGHERTY,
Clearfield Twp., June 13, 1873.—6t.

Estate Notice.—HAVING obtained Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN NEASON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MARIA NEASON, Administratrix.
PATRICK DUNEGAN, "
Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.—6t.

Executor's Notice.—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of MARY O. EVANS, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JNO. E. SCANLAN,
Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.—6t.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - - July 4, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—The day we celebrate—the day our paper bears date.

—The erection of a Lutheran church edifice has been commenced at Wilmore.

—Frank Jordan, an employee in the steel works, Johnstown, had one of his hands badly crushed Wednesday afternoon.

—A lively trade in "huckleberries" is anticipated in and about Portage and Lilly's stations when the proper time arrives.

—Pay six months' postage and we will deduct the amount from the next two dollars you pay us for a year's subscription.

—Judge Dean and his associates will hold an Argument Court here, commencing on Thursday, the 24th of this month.

—Leonard Myers, a miner, was crushed to death, on Thursday morning of last week, by a fall of coal in a mine at Penn station.

—A little son of David Powell, of Cambria township, fell on a large stone a few days ago and fractured one of his legs in two places.

—Four one-horse spring wagons containing a dozen or more gipseys, of both sexes and various ages, passed through town westward bound yesterday.

—Cresson has just been made happy by having the "spar-stangled banner" flung to the breeze from the extreme upper end of a hundred foot pole. Selah!

—A Greensburg lad named George Kibel fell into a well which was being sunk, a distance of fifteen feet, and received very severe injuries about the head.

—President Grant, *en route* from Covington, Ky., to Washington, Long Branch, or some other point, dined at the Logan House, Altoona, Wednesday evening.

—Now is the time to muzzle your dog, the most effectual method that can be adopted is to put the muzzle immediately behind the dog's left ear, and then pull the trigger.

—Within a period of four days, recently, typhoid fever caused the death of the wife, two daughters and one son of Mr. David Orr, of Clearfield county. Truly a sudden and sorrowful bereavement.

—The "long whistle" which heretofore announced the approach of train time has been said to reverberate in this neck o' timber. Cause why, the railroad authorities have put a veto on the whistle.

—Charles Wright, the young man who shot and killed Benjamin Devine and wounded his son, John Devine, in Altoona, on the night of July 3d, 1871, and who was sentenced to the Western Penitentiary for a term of years, has just been pardoned by Gov. Hartranft.

—The two highest premiums for good conduct and strict attention to studies were awarded at the recent St. Vincent's college commencement to two young Cambrians, sons of Messrs. Peter Hoover and John Orr, of Carroll township. Such honors are worth being proud of.

—A young man named John Stanley, formerly of Hollidaysburg, has been arrested and held in $800 bail for his appearance before the District Court to answer for alleged complicity in the recent highway robbery of $158 from Henry Michael, at the Penn railroad station.

—We will have a glorious time in commemoration of a glorious event if you attend the gal-lorious pic-nic of the fire laddies on the glorious anniversary of the nation's glorious redemption from the galling yoke of British tyranny. Lloyd's grove, west of town, is the scene of festivities.

—Joseph Kaufman, of Hempfield township, Westmoreland county, was found dead in one of his fields last Sunday week in an inebriated condition, and so remained until the day following, when he died. It is supposed that he was kicked on the head by a horse, which fractured his skull.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* man has been favored with a specimen of paper money issued by New Jersey one hundred and ten years ago. Wish delinquent subscribers would favor us with a few specimens. Wouldn't care a cent or where they were issued, so that they passed current in the money market.

—The dwelling, stable and outbuildings of Mr. Bower, near Luthersburg, Clearfield county, were totally destroyed by fire a few days ago, the sparks which communicated the fire having been carried from a burning log heap by the wind. This is the second time Mr. B. has been burned out.

—John Wilkinson, of Jackson township, has met with the loss of his dwelling house, a store containing a considerable amount of goods and other valuables, and all of his household goods except one pair of blankets. It was fire that did the damage, but how the fire originated we failed to learn. Insurance.

—With a flip and a flop, and a fix and a jump, will this glorious day have its ending; and ere your eye peeled, for there'll soon be revealed a sight well worth attending. There is to say, about one hundred dollars' worth of fireworks will be set off at the corner of Centre street this evening, and a grand fine display may be anticipated.

—Andrew Crissman, of Napier township, Bedford county, recently killed an owl, which, according to the Bedford *Gazette*, measured eleven feet, four inches across the wings, and with the exception of the head was as wooly as an old sheep." Well, the hunter affirms, had been disturbing his slumbers and stealing his chickens for forty consecutive years.

—A fourteen-year-old lad named Joseph Myers was struck by a "pusher" engine at the railroad crossing near Lilly's Station yesterday week, and thrown a distance of forty feet or more, but, strange to say, not only escaped with his life, but received no injuries which are likely to prove fatal. Several ugly wounds about the head, legs and arms are the full extent of his personal damages.

—Don't go in too heavy and spend all your spare stamps to-day, for next Thursday there is to be one of the most enjoyable picnics you ever attended, and it will be a few "spons" to see you through successfully on that occasion. The good cause coming is to aid in completing the church on the new Catholic church in this borough, and local pride, if not the love of fun, should induce everybody to lend the cause a helping hand.

—We had the pleasure of participating in but two-thirds of the excursion of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association through the anthracite coal regions last week, and hoped to be able to give a detailed account of the trip, but circumstances over which we had no control have interfered to prevent a consummation so devoutly wished on our part. In the next *Freeman*, however, we hope to do ample justice to the subject and present our readers with an article which will perhaps repay perusal.

—While excavating a water trench in one of the principal streets of Hollidaysburg, on Wednesday evening of last week, a party of laborers unearthed a human skeleton, or rather the skull and several bones of what was in days no doubt long gone by a human being. The skeleton is evidently of some antiquity, and the presumption arrived at very generally is that the remains are those of an Indian, a belief which is further enhanced by the fact that a stone pipe, exceedingly well preserved, was found at the same time.

—They must have pliable glass in Taylor township, Blair county, (not Cambria, as one might be led to believe,) for we read that "a stove pipe which passed through a pane of glass of one of the windows" set fire to Ephraim Burkey's house, on Tuesday week, and that the house and nearly all its contents was swept out of existence.

—Some one of the light-fingered gentry attempted to freeze fast to a scap of honey at Conductor Quarts's residence a night or two ago, but something interfered to prevent the consummation of his design. If it is honey-comb the chap is after, Mike says he will furnish him with all he wants and not charge him a cent. He proposes, however, to put the honey-comb where it will do the most good, and where it will serve to remind the fellow of his latter end for many a day to come. Mike has his blunderbuss ready for the emergency.

—John W. Brown, Esq., one of the editors and proprietors of the Harrisburg *Patriot*, accompanied by his daughter, spent a few days in our midst recently. We regret to say that Mr. Brown, who is one of the most genial gentlemen we know of, is somewhat "under the weather" physically just now, but we trust he will find time to get on top of the weather long enough in this high latitude to restore him to his wonted health and vigor. Pure air, pure water, and the substantial fare and comfortable surroundings of Belmont are well calculated to bring about a result so desirable.

—Ye locals of the Altoona *Tribune*, both of whom spent a portion of last Sunday in this place, unite in saying that "Belmont" is one of the nicest summer resorts in the State, which laudatory expression they still further emphasize by remarking that "it is located in the suburbs of Ebensburg, and is presided over by Mr. T. W. Shoemaker. The number of guests enrolled on its register is already quite large. We passed a pleasurable half-hour on Sunday looking through the house and over the spacious grounds attached, and were invited by the hospitable proprietor to call again soon and stay the rest of the summer."

—Our next door neighbor, John D. Thomas, having failed to make the riffle on the shrievalty question, has again settled down to business, and is now ready and willing to make boots and shoes on short notice and at more reasonable rates than ever. Instead of waxing wroth at the turn of events politically, he proposes to *wax* his *thread* and expend *awl* his energies in turning out good boots which will *last* his customers until they need another pair. John may be beat in a nominating convention, but when it comes to the getting up of a neat and substantial boot, the men who can beat him are, like angels' visits, few and far between.

—Edward Rader, of Altoona, and Theodore Whitmore, of Hollidaysburg, two stone masons who were employed to do some work for A. H. Fiske, Esq., of Fallen Timber, this county, were drowned near Fallen Timber bridge, in Clearfield creek, on Saturday evening last, while bathing. Rader, it seems, had ventured beyond his depth and was in a drowning condition, when Whitmore went to his rescue and was caught in the death grip of the drowning man and dragged down with him to a watery grave. Rader was a young man, 18 years old, and Whitmore, who leaves a wife and one child, was aged about 26 years.

—The mangled remains of Casper Kolley, twenty-six years of age, who was employed as a "hostler" for the Pittsburgh division round house at Altoona, were found about 3 o'clock on Friday morning last. Both of his legs were severed from the body and he was otherwise shockingly mutilated. When picked up a spark of life still remained, but he expired in a moment or two after. How the accident happened remains a mystery, but it was evident that he had been under a train of moving cars and had been dragged a distance of seventy yards. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his terrible fate.

—One of those firearms which are supposed at all times to be unloaded, has just been discharged in Woodvale borough with serious if not fatal results. An adopted son of Mr. David R. Lucas, a lad of eight years, got hold of a four-shooter on Tuesday afternoon last, and after snapping the pistol at several of his little associates, approached a bed upon which Annie Berthold, a two year old daughter of Daniel Berthold, was lying, and with the remark that he was going to shoot Annie, pulled the trigger and discharged one of the barrels, the ball taking effect in her abdomen and producing a wound which there is considerable reason to fear will result fatally. The pistol had not been used for four years.

—Mrs. Henry Rutberg, of Altoona, gave birth to a daughter about two weeks ago which weighed only one pound and measured just eleven inches from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet. It is said that a common teacup would have enclosed the head and rested upon the shoulders of this lilliputian infant, while the legs and arms were of the dimensions of one's little finger. The fragile waif lived some twelve days, dying on Wednesday morning last, and was interred in a coffin fifteen inches in length and four inches across. The mother gave birth on a previous occasion to a child which weighed only three pounds, but that also we believe did not long survive its entrance into this world.

—Henry Scanlan, Esq., our nominee for Assembly, was serenaded a few evenings ago by his democratic friends and neighbors at his home in Carrolltown, to which he had just returned after a week's absence on a surveying expedition. The Carrolltown brass band turned out in full force and surprised the Squire while he was in the act of retiring for the night. He promptly made his appearance at the door, however, and after thanking the crowd that had assembled, bade them enter his domicil, where refreshments were soon provided by his estimable better half and duly discussed by the party in attendance, after which all withdrew with three hearty cheers for "our next member of the Legislature." This little episode may be taken as an evidence of the home popularity of our worthy nominee, and is one of the straws which indicates the current of popular feeling in the direction of political success next October.

—When our people gave the inimitable vocalist, mimic and humorist, Frank A. Conly, a fifty dollar house in the midst of a drenching rain storm, and when they saw that and went some thirty or forty dollars better on the evening following, it is fair to presume that they expected to be entertained in first class style. And were they? Well, if you meet a man, woman or child who attended the concerts, or either of them, and he or she tells you that they were not in the highest degree delighted by what they heard and saw, you may have our spinal column for a "shinny-stick" when we "pass in our checks" and we won't charge you a "red." The fact is, Frank is perfectly inesistible in his great protean lecture entitled "Hash," which is replete throughout with wit, humor, pathos and eloquence, and as a "singist" he stands unsurpassed if not unrivalled. He will give one of his delightful entertainments at each of the following named places: At Cherry Tree, on Wednesday evening next, July 9th; at Carrolltown, Thursday evening, July 10th; Chest Springs Friday evening, July 11th, and Loretto, Saturday evening, July 12th; and we need only say to our readers in the several localities named, don't fail to go and hear him. You will never regret the outlay or cease to laugh at his brilliant witticisms and humorous songs.

Our Common Schools.

Report of the Superintendent of Cambria County for the School Year ending June 2, 1873.

I. SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL HOUSES.

New Houses.—The house reported as built in Johnstown in the school year 1872, was completed and first used for school purposes during the school year just closed. It is a fine building, and adds much to the value of the school property, and the educational facilities of that prosperous town.

An excellent school house in Conemaugh borough was also completed during the past year, and occupied for the purposes of a school. It is a two-story brick building, measuring 76 by 53 feet, containing eight rooms, halls, and a spacious basement, in which are placed the heaters for warming the building. It stands upon Railroad street, in a lot of about one acre. The cost of this new institution of learning is about $20,000, and it is in every respect a credit to the town, and an honor to the worthy school board by whom it was erected.

A few other school houses were built, in different parts of the county, and others have been repaired, painted, and enclosed by neat fences. I am sorry to say that very many of our school houses lack the necessary outbuildings. If directors and parents would but reflect upon the positive injury which our schools suffer from this source, I am sure that this cause of complaint would be speedily removed.

Furniture and Apparatus.—But little has been done in the way of improving the furniture, or adding to the apparatus of our schools since my last report. In this direction we move but slowly.

Length of Term.—The increase in the length of term, as fixed by the recent law, seems to be generally satisfactory. Indeed, there was a wide-spread disposition on the part of our school directors to extend the term before the recent enactment was made, as is evident from the fact that sixteen of our school districts, in the school year 1872, kept their schools open for a period at least as great as the minimum now required by law. During the year just closed, nearly all our schools were kept open for five months or more.

Other Schools.—The Cambria Iron Company's night schools, referred to in previous reports, were continued as usual during the past winter, and abounded in good works and good influences. Various denominational and private schools were also in operation during the year, and a well-attended and successful normal school was taught in Ebensburg.

II. TEACHERS AND TEACHING.

Scarcity of Teachers.—The chief difficulty we have to encounter is the scarcity of teachers. Many of our schools were not supplied with teachers until very late in the season, though every effort was made to do so sooner. In a few instances it was impossible, from this cause, to put in the full five months before the first of June. In these cases the unexpired part of the term will be added to the next year's term.

Some Statistics.—Last fall I concluded to gather some personal statistics of our teachers, in addition to those required by the Department. Of sixty teachers of whom I inquired, I learned that only twenty-nine were born in Cambria county, twenty-eight were born in Pennsylvania outside of Cambria county, and three were born out of the State. I further learned that of these sixty teachers eight had attended a college, fourteen had attended an academy, twenty-one had attended a county normal school, four had attended a State normal school, and the remainder had acquired all their education in our common schools. The average length of time which these teachers had taught was about forty months.

III. WORK AND THE WORKMEN.

Examinations.—I found that it was impracticable to defer the examinations last fall, as I intended, because of the increased length of school term. Hence, I held the examinations at about the usual time, and met the usual difficulty in securing enough teachers. I held thirty public examinations, and a number of private examinations. At these examinations I had in all 208 candidates; of these, eighty-three were men, and 125 were women. Of the men, nine were rejected; of the women twenty-three were rejected—These statistics differ in several points very remarkably from those of the year before.

Certificates.—I granted during the year 176 provisional certificates. This was an increase of twenty-four over the preceding year. The average grade of these certificates was 2.4. This was a falling off from the year before. The difference was likely owing to the increased number of certificates granted; several of those issued near the close of the campaign being very inferior, and only granted at all through the pressure of circumstances.

The Candidates.—I have noticed a very wide difference in the general character of the candidates at public and at private examinations. The fact of applying for an examination privately, is *prima facie* evidence of inferiority of qualifications. The statistics bear out this theory. For instance, the certificates issued at the regular examinations, average 2.2; those issued at the private examinations average 2.6. Again, 29 per cent. of those examined privately, failed altogether, while of those who were examined at the public examinations, only 16 per cent. were rejected. Of all those examined, 55 had never taught.

Visits.—I did not visit much during the past year. It was out of the question to do so. Those who will recall the character of the last winter—*the intense cold*, the severe storms, and the impassable roads—will partly understand why. Besides, very serious and long-continued illness in my family, which in one case culminated in the death of my little daughter FLOY, who will be remembered by many teachers and others who have visited my house, caused me to lose several weeks right in the heart of the school term, and, with the other causes mentioned, rendered it impossible to visit all or nearly all the schools. I succeeded in making 129 visits; and regret as much as anybody that I was not able to do more.

The County Institute.—Our county Institute convened in the court house in Ebensburg on the 30th day of December. Owing to the heavy snow that had fallen a few days before, which completely blockaded our Branch Railroad, and rendered the country roads also comparative by impassable, the attendance was not large. But the Institute was nevertheless successful. Cash premiums amounting to thirty dollars were given to the three best spellers in a contest of two hundred words. The premiums were awarded to Mr. F. J. Strayer, Miss Allie Lloyd, and Mrs. J. C. Clark. Those who took a principal part in the exercises of the Institute, and to whom the thanks of the Superintendent are specially due, are Messrs. Henry Houck, T. T. Morrell, Geo. J. Luckey, Geo. W. Cope, T. C. Myers, Wm. McGough, W. W. Quigg, Hartman Berg, W. C. McClelland, J. A. Harrold, and A. B. Torrence; also, to Prof. J. W. Trabert, the accomplished organist, and the choir of young folks who enlivened the sessions of the Institute with their sweet music.

IV. CONCLUSION.

Thus have we wrought our way through another twelve-month. In some respects we have been advancing; in others we have about maintained our former position, and in a few others, perhaps, we have fallen back a little. Altogether, however, I think we have made some slight progress. We have a few insurmountable difficulties to contend with—insurmountable at least in the present state of our finances—but if we cannot overcome them, we shall make the best of our way around them, and continue to live in hope of the good time which we have reason to believe is coming. I hope to visit every school in the county next term, and to be able to do something to the advantage of public instruction. Some wise legislation is needed as a groundwork of improvement; and in the absence of that, superintendents and school officers can do but little more than has been done, to make our school system as popular, as successful, and as effective as it ought to be.

T. J. CHAPMAN, C. S.

—One-half hour earlier in the arrival of the evening train is all the change that the new Pa. R. R. time table has made upon our Branch road.

Local Correspondence.

EBENSBURG, June 30, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—The scholastic year in many of our collegiate institutes closed during the past week, and hundreds of young people of both sexes, who for ten long months had gone through the monotonous daily routine of the educational course, are now enjoying the society of relatives and friends from whom they had long been separated. It was my good fortune to assist at the Annual Commencements in a few of the institutions in our own part of the State, and thinking that a brief notice of their exercises would not be unfavorably received, I herewith proceed to perform the pleasant task:

St. Francis' College, Loretto, was the first in the order of Commencements. This Institution is the pride of our county, and is destined yet to play an important part in the history of education in this country. The edifice is a most imposing one, and when completed will afford accommodations to 200 students. The exercises commenced at 9 a. m. with a Salutatory by Master Harry McAteer, of Harrisburg. It was followed by an original oration by Mr. A. J. Reilly, of Altoona, who took for his theme "The Future of American Youth." He pointed out the glorious destiny that awaits our young men, and concluded with a pathetic appeal to them not to be influenced by the pernicious examples so frequently given of late by our Conscript Fathers, but rather to found their relations with American society on the immutable principles of Justice and Honesty. Next in order was a drama entitled "Brian Borrhoime," in which the young actors did great credit to themselves and their preceptors. Then a solid and well written oration on "Religion as the only Foundation of Society," followed by a farce, "To Paris and Back for Five Pounds," which elicited universal applause and hilarity. The Valedictory was delivered by Mr. Hugh Toner, of Lancaster, Pa. At the conclusion, nearly two hundred elegant premiums were distributed among the successful competitors in conduct and the several educational branches. The exhibition was enlivened by the Loretto Cornet Band, whose members, it is but justice to say, performed very creditably, considering the short time they have been practising.

At 2 p. m. of the same day, Rt. Rev. Bp. Domenec, the various clergymen, and distinguished strangers who had honored the Collegiate Commencement with their presence, proceeded to St. Aloysius' Academy, Loretto, and for three hours were agreeably entertained with choice selections in composition and music. It might be unfair to discriminate among such an array of talent as the Academy, thanks to the diligent training of the good Sisters, was able to present on that day, but the impartial opinion of all adjudged the palm of excellence to Miss Aggie M'Connell, of Summitville, this county. Her part as Amalia in the melodrama of "Thro' Darkness to Light," composed especially for the occasion, but particularly in her *solo*, "I am not Mad," was rendered to perfection, and displayed artistic powers, developed in one so young, that was really astonishing.

At 1 p. m. on the following day, (Wednesday, June 25th,) the Annual Commencement at St. Vincent's College, Latrobe, Pa., took place. The students, under the efficient discipline and training of the Benedictine Brothers, furnished us with an imposing programme, and what was still better, were faultless in the rendition of its several parts. The principal feature of the bill was the debate, "Should a supervision be exercised over the Press?" The six young orators who took sides pro and con were most happy in their arguments, but in my humble opinion those on the affirmative side succeeded most admirably in presenting in their true colors the many evils resulting from the present system of an unbridled press, and accordingly, to my satisfaction, merited from their young President the palm of victory. The Valedictory, composed and delivered by Mr. Charles Golden, of Wisconsin, was an elaborate and a most successful production, and deserves special mention. The exercises were enlivened by music, such as only the well known abilities of St. Vincent's orchestra would lead us to expect, and everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of all present and to the great credit of all who brought about so pleasant an entertainment.

Of the Commencement at St. Xavier's Academy, near Latrobe, (Thursday, 26th,) it is unnecessary to say much. Suffice it to remark, that we expected that the aforesaid celebrated Academy would furnish an entertainment equal, if not superior, to those of the past—and we were not disappointed. The music on piano and harp, the singing, the recitations, everything, in a word, connected with the programme, displayed a very high order of merit, and spoke well for the abilities of the nuns who were able to develop so successfully, in so short a time, such a vast amount of talent. Though fearful of passing over deserving names, I cannot forego the pleasure of contributing my meed of praise to the abilities of Miss Annie Hughes, of Blairsville, Pa., who, in her original Valedictory, spoke with such grace and pathos as to draw copious tears from her fond schoolmates and excite a responsive sympathy in the vast audience. Nor should I forget little Fanny Kennedy, daughter of Mr. John H. Kennedy, of Hemlock, this county, who, although apparently not more than seven years of age, nevertheless displayed a precocity far in advance of her years in the childish comedy of "Dottie's Dream," composed, I understand, for her especial benefit. She literally "brought down the house," and the frequent applause of the spectators was a merited tribute to talent that requires but little development to render prolific in good fruits.

Such is my hurried account of the Commencements at various Catholic Educational Institutions in Western Pennsylvania—schools which are rapidly extending their sphere of usefulness, which have given to religion many zealous missionaries and to society many honorable members, and which year by year are receiving an increased patronage plainly indicative of an extended and still extending endorsement by the public of the principles by which they are governed and the spirit by which they are animated.

VIATOR.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

GALLITZIN, June 30, 1873.

FRIEND MCPIKE—The great Democratic *caminating* battle has been fought and not a man has been killed. There may be a few more or less wounded, but none of them fatally. This fact is owing to a cross fire from the two extremes of the county, all coming within range of their heavy artillery having to surrender—I suppose on honorable conditions. It is to be hoped, however, that those who had to retreat won't return fire from their private batteries in support of the common enemy.

The contest for delegates in this township was warmly waged, only a few who read the papers having been aware that Mr. Noon had withdrawn from the canvass. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages his friends labored under, his delegates, as well as Mr. Criste's, were elected. Washington township and Summitville borough would also have been favorable to him, which speaks well for Mr. Noon, as it shows to those at a distance that he is respected and would be supported at home.

And now, Mr. Mac, I notice in reading the report of the great battle in the Johnstown papers that the *Freeman* doesn't give the names of all the wounded. I see that John A. Blair fired fifty-four shots at our townsman, David Tobin, for Representative Delegate to the State Convention, while Tobin fired only five shots at Blair, which were much easier counted than fifty-four. In this particular then your report does not correspond with the other reports published. All the wounded must be cared for, however, so that they may live to fight another great battle and come out victorious.

For my part, I feel quite happy over the result of the contest, as it secures us one man in the cabinet—a fact which will prompt us to fight a desperate battle for all.

Still, notwithstanding all the powder and shot that was used, the tumult of the battle has been deafened by the report of the great pic-nic which is to be held at Gallitzin on the Fourth of July. The Vienna Exposition, with all its great preparations, hasn't a single building that amounts to more than a common chicken coop when compared with the immense edifice which has just been completed about three hundred yards from Gallitzin station. This great building, which covers something less than one-and-a-half acres of ground, is situated on the highest pinacle of Tunnel Hill, in view of all the world, and is within easy access to and from all trains. It is surrounded by a delightful grove, which will impart much coolness and comfort on that memorable occasion.

A. M'C.

JURORS FOR SEPTEMBER TERM.—Below will be found the names of the Grand and Traverse Jurors drawn to serve at the ensuing term of our county court:

GRAND JURORS.

Aug. Walters, (foreman,) merchant, Carrolltown borough.
Adams Henry, farmer, Jackson twp.
Adams Chas. W., farmer, Allegheny twp.
Byrne Thos. J., laborer, Clearfield twp.
Bowser Isaac B., farmer, Taylor twp.
Cooper Henry, farmer, Allegheny twp.
Dillon Chas., blacksmith, Clearfield twp.
Dimond John C., farmer, Munster twp.
Dysart F. S., painter, Johnstown.
Fite John B., laborer, Franklin borough.
Gates John A., clerk, White twp.
Headrick Wm. J., farmer, Taylor twp.
Hochstein Charles, merchant, Johnstown.
Kring Gideon, farmer, Adams twp.
Kirkpatrick Jas. T., farmer, Carroll twp.
Miller Sam'l J., farmer, Adams twp.
Meloy James, machinist, Cambria boro'.
McClarren Francis, laborer, Croyle twp.
Pritchard Henry, gentleman, Johnstown.
Simmons David, storekeeper, Jackson tp.
Smay Jacob W., farmer, Croyle twp.
Thomas Tine, blacksmith, Carrolltown.
Tibbott Rich'd B., carpenter, Ebensburg.
Young Oliver J., student, Johnstown.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Adams Twp.—William Miller.
Blacklick Twp.—Charles Farbaugh.
Carroll Twp.—Chas. Ager, D. A. Luther.
Cambria Twp.—Hosea Evans, Owen Rowland.
Coopersdale Bor.—Geo. W. Gageby, Jacob Hoover.
Chest Twp.—Archibald Kirpatrick, Geo. Kring, Augustus Yost.
Croyle Twp.—Elias Paul.
Ebensburg Bor.—H. A. Kinkead, Wm. Leighty, Joseph A. Skelly.
East Conemaugh—David Falcon.
Franklin Bor.—H. B. Michael.
Jackson Twp.—Martin Deitrick, Emanuel Klinefelter, John J. Rager, John (of Philip) Rager.
Johnstown Bor.—Andrew Beck, Louis Cohen, George Fritz, Pierson Fisher, David J. Davis, John A. Hill, Jacob Jacoby, Wm. C. Lewis, Wm. H. Levergood, Isaac Penrod, James Quinn.
Munster Twp.—John Carney.
Millville Bor.—George Watkins.
Richland Twp.—Joseph Bomgardner.
Susquehanna Twp.—Peter Garman, Wm. Garman, Jacob Johnston.
Summerhill Twp.—Daniel Skelly.
Summitville Bor.—John Sharbaugh, Taylor Twp.—John Varner.
Washington Twp.—Andrew Ager, Pat'k Brawley.
White Twp.—Jos. Bardine, Nathan Gates, Perry Troxell.
Wilmore Bor.—Joseph Miller, George W. Settlemyer.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Allegheny Twp.—Geo. Gallagher, Peter Melhorn.
Adams Twp.—Hiram Hays.
Barr Twp.—Thomas B. Davis.
Cambria Borough.—John Coad.
Cambria Twp.—Thomas Hoover, Wm. R. Jones, Edmund James, Rees S. Lloyd.
Clearfield Twp.—E. R. Dunegan.
Chest Township—Baltzer Helfrick, Philip Thomas.
Croyle Twp.—Samuel Plummer.
Conemaugh Twp.—Jacob Ribblet.
Carroll Twp.—Jacob Stuby.
Ebensburg—Dennis Brawley, Thomas J. Davis, M. M. O'Neill.
Franklin Bor.—David Cobaugh, John Roberts.
Gallitzin Twp.—George Gutwalt, Martin F. Kelly, James McCloskey, Wm. Shirley.
Johnstown—John Biendle, A. B. Davis, Robert W. Hunt, Alex. Hamilton, Zachariah Lowman, Edwin Mertz, John D. Roberts.
Jackson Twp.—Arthur Devlin, John L. Singer.
Millville Bor.—William Miller.
Summerhill Twp.—William Doran, John Fairen, Philip Skelly.
Susquehanna Twp.—Archibald Farrell.
Taylor Twp.—Abraham Angus, Christian Bomgardner, Jona. Ream, John A. Strayer.
Washington Twp.—Thomas Brookbonk, Samuel Long, Sylvester McKenzie, Asbury Thompson.
White Twp.—Samuel Dean.
Yoder Twp.—Edward Lewis.

CHRONIC DISEASE.—There is scarcely a chronic disease afflicting the human body, but what is true character may be ascertained by analytic and microscopic examination of the urinary secretion alone.

This is true not only of kidney affections, *dropsy, diabetes, gravel*, and all urinary difficulties, but is equally true of liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, rheumatism, asthma, consumption, scrofula, and the many diseases peculiar to females, all of which may be detected by scientific examination of the urine. From close attention and long and patient investigation in this way we have learned to know the precise nature of all these affections and have found out exactly the kind of medicines to be used for the cure in each particular case.

Specimens of urine can be sent by express (but not by mail) from any part of the United States; and medicines obtained by the same.

Our charges for examination and medicines range from three to ten dollars.

L. OLDSHOE, M. D.
T. L. OLDSHOE, M. D.
J. W. OLDSHOE, M. D.

Address—Drs. Oldshoe, No. 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HE that steals my purse steals trash, but he that buys made-up clothing from S. J. Hess & Bro., Johnstown, gets the genuine stuff, strong, well made, well cut, and well sewed. Hess might have taken the prize at the Vienna Exposition, for cleverness and tact in selling ready-made clothing at No. 141 Main street, Johnstown, but then he didn't want it. He would rather have lots of good fellows from the mountain swoope down on him and buy every man a full suit at honest prices.

I. T. COPPOCK, under the Opera House, Main street, Johnstown, No. 112, is the topic. I. T. Coppock is the topic—well that's poetry, but we may as well say that his big show window outshines the June roses themselves. Who can paint like nature? Coppock. Who can lose these beautiful colors in each other? Coppock. Nature's self is outdone in the flowers, ribbons, silks, satins, hats, bonnets and dress goods of I. T. Coppock, who is about as clever a man to buy from as ever wielded a yardstick.

CAPT. JACK, the Modoc chief, is no relation of Capt. Jinks, of the Horse Marines, and neither of them is connected in any way with the immense hardware establishment of Geo. Huntley, High street, Ebensburg, where you can buy mowers, reapers, thrashers, stoves, tinware, iron, nails, woodwork for wagons, and everything necessary for carrying on a successful war against high prices. Let the world still revolve, but go to Huntley's for all you want. He has $20,000 worth to sell.

THE MAN in the moon was looking at the made-up clothing of James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, the other night, with the evident intention of making a purchase. He can't shine without a new suit from Murphy, neither can the young men of Cambria county shine unless they go and do likewise. Murphy is the cheapest and cleverest man to buy from you ever read about.

M. BOSSART & Co., successors to John J. Murphy, Johnstown, are doing a rushing business in the dry goods line. The people flock to see their charming new goods, like pigeons resort to a buckwheat field in September. And no marvel, for they keep choice and cheap dry goods, and are adepts in the art of selling at popular prices. Give them a call.

HYMENEAL.

JAMES—SECHLER.—Married, June 26th, by Rev. J. W. Edie, at the bride's home, Mr. Benj. F. James and Miss Maggie Sechler, both of Cambria township.

NOEL—MCMANAMY.—Married, in the Catholic church at Summitville, by Rev. J. Hackett, Mr. Demetrius Noel, of Westmoreland county, and Miss Matilda McManamy, of Washington township.

GEORGE—LIEB.—Married, at the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Christopher A. George and Miss Annie Leib, both of Washington township.

OBITUARY.

ROSS.—Died, in this place, on Sunday evening last, of diptheria, Maggie, infant daughter of James and Rebecca Ross, aged 3 weeks.

JONES.—Died, in this place, on Saturday last, of diptheria, Mary Jane, daughter of John J. and Mary Jones, aged about 7 years.

KIRKPATRICK.—Died, in Carroll township, on Sunday last, Jennie, wife of Aug. Kirkpatrick, aged about 24 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"CAMPHORINE" cures every pain, etc. Try it. Sold by all druggists. REUBEN HOYT, Proprietor, New York.

MONEY-MAKING BOOKS FOR SUMMER CANVASSING AGENTS AND SALESMEN, ATTENTION! Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*; *The New Housekeeper's Manual*, by Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. Both selling fast and for. Exclusive territory. Liberal terms. J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco.

OCEAN'S STORY; *Or, Triumphs of Thirty Centuries: By F. B. Goodrich* (son of "Peter Parley") *and E. Howland.* A work of great historical research recounting in *truly graphic* style the wonderful growth of navigation and history of discovery since the flood; is replete with *incidents, thrilling adventures, battles, shipwrecks, mutinies, piracies, etc.* Describes how from the first tiny bark, when ocean was the dark realms of *terrors*, sails now whiten every sea, lightning flashes tidings from shore to shore, and men bring up wonders from deep waters, with many other matters of lively interest, which go to make up one of the most VALUABLE, FASCINATING and SMARTLY written productions of the age. Over 200 spirited illustrations. AGENTS WANTED. For circulars and terms address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Philad'a.

WANTED.—Wholesale Purchasing Agents for the BARTRAM SEWING MACHINE, made at Danbury, Conn. The Latest and Best. The Stillest, Fastest and Easiest Lock Stitch, Str ight Needle Machine in market. Better terms than any company. Address, JOHN A. DODGE, Gen'l Agent, Danbury, Conn.

NUMEROUS TESTS HAVE PROVED N. F. Burnham's New Turbine WATER WHEEL! TO BE THE BEST EVER INVENTED. Pamphlet free. Address YORK, PA.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—The undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county Auditor to report distribution of the assets in the hands of WM. H. SECHLER, Adm'r of the estate of JAMES M. RIFFLE, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his said appointment, at the office of Shoemaker & Sechler, in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, JULY 17th, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend, if they think proper, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

June 28, 1873. JNO. P. LINTON, Auditor.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY virtue of a writ of Vend. Expon., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Penford House, Johnstown, on FRIDAY, the 1st DAY OF AUGUST next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Herman Coleman, of, in and to a lot ground in the Sixth Ward, Johnstown Borough, Cambria County, fronting on Napoleon street and adjoining lots of Daniel Fullinger and Abe Fockler, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Herman Coleman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Schmidt, for use of John Dibert & Co., now for use of David Dibert.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 3, 1873.

PUBLIC SALE! WILL be offered at Public Sale, at the late residence of JOHN NEASON, deceased, in Clearfield township, Cambria county, on THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 10th, '73, the following property, to wit:

2 HEAD WORK HORSES, 6 MILCH COWS, 17 Head Sheep, 2 Hogs, Two-Horse Wagon, PLOUGHS, HARROW, Carpenter Tools, Shoemaker Tools, 2 Stoves, 4 Bee Scaps, 1 Cider Press, 1 Rifle, a lot of Bacon, 1 Iron and 1 Copper Kettle, 3 Beds and Bedding, and other HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE in great variety, besides many other articles not necessary to mention.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when a reasonable credit will be given.

MARIA NEASON, PATRICK DUNEGAN, } Administ'rs.

Also, will be sold at the same time and place, 1 DUN MARE, 4 years old, 1 COW and CALF, and one YEARLING STEER, the property of CORNELIUS NEASON.

Clearfield Twp., July 4, 1873.

SHERIFF'S SALES!—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the 25TH DAY OF JULY NEXT, at one o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of JOHN P. JOHNSON, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Charles Dunlap, Kitsports, and others, containing 20 acres, more or less, 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and log barn—now in the occupancy of John Pedicord. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Martin A. Miller.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of George Waltz, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, adjoining lot of Julius Stich on the north, Fisher on the south, and an alley on the west, having thereon erected a two-story plank house—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John A. Kennedy.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Samuel Noel, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Mellermitt, estate of John

WEDLOCK'S COMIC SIDE.

It is not a little remarkable that while every American journalist is certain to give tolerably copicious accounts of the whimsicalities that occur in legal courtrooms, few regale their readers with more than a meagre allusion to the proceedings in the courts of Hymen. Law is treated with profound respect; love with careless discourtesy. Justice, with her bandaged eyes, they *know* to with all the abject solicitude of Japanese official; while upon the feminine figure with the marriage-torch they simply bestow a familiar nod, and pass on as if they disdained even to inquire about her health, or utter the usual common place wisdom about the weather. Our cousins across the Atlantic do not borrow, in this respect, a leaf from our example. They have a Registrar-General in London whose Reports are always dissected curious interest, and the press often dwells on the singularities those Reports present with evident unction. Thus they tell us that in 1870 no less than eleven gentlemen, each approaching the age of 90, instead of "getting religion," got wives, to afford them, as it were, advanced glimpses of heaven—those

"Glimpses that saints have of heaven in dreams,"

which Moore so beautifully dilated upon Only one of these inexperienced youths of ninety, however, had the temerity to woo a lady of comparative juvenility, and she was eighty! The other ten contented themselves with "elderly females" of from thirty to thirty-five summers' ripeness.—One fair and innocent creature of sixty-five, condescended to take to her blushing arms a husband of thirty; but several widows who had passed the grand climacteric and reveled in all the fascinating charms of three-score and ten, doffed their weeds with a courage truly commendable, accepting husbands, however, of a somewhat corresponding age. Only fancy, though, a bachelor of seventy-five, after half a century's reflection upon the perils of double harness, wedding an infant of seventy-one, while a widower of the same age, with a greater taste for the immature, carried off the heart and hand of a bride barely twenty. Three hundred and twenty-five girls married at sixteen and under, during that year, while over eight thousand bachelors married widows to console them for conjugal losses. Nearly double that number, though, preferred to wed spinsters who would not in moments of vexation, throw up the perfections of some "dear departed," some marvelous "number one."

A SUFFERER FROM INDIAN BARBARITY AND REVENGE.—We received a call yesterday from Jacob I. Large, a man who, some months ago, was attacked and scalped on the plains near Fort Dodge by a band of seven Indians, headed by Little Crow, the son of the famous Little Crow, who was killed in 1861 in Minnesota. It seems that Mr. Large, who has been a frontiersman nearly all his life, having gone to Wisconsin in the early days of the settlement of that State, and from thence to Minnesota, was the man who killed the dreaded chief in one of his raids on the white settlers near the town of Hutchison, on the Crow River, in 1861, and his life threated by Little Crow's son, who was with his father at the time of his death. Large came to Kansas and stopped at Fort Dodge, from which point he reconnoitered the surrounding country in search of good claim, and while out one day he was overtaken by this band of Indians, who were on a buffalo hunt, and recognized by Little Crow.—Large ran from them but was too slow of foot to escape; his leg was broken in two places, and his scalp taken from his eyebrows to the crown of his head, and then he was left on the prairie to die. He was picked up by a scouting party from the Fort and Taken in for treatment. His leg healed, but his head is a fearful sight, and will be a long time healing, if it ever does. One of his eyes has become blind. As soon as he was able to walk his anxiety to return home started him off on foot in that direction, and he arrived in Leavenworth yesterday. He hopes to receive aid here to take him home, and if he does not, he says he will "walk it."—Leavenworth (Kansas) Times, 19th.

GEN. JACKSON AND RAILROADS.—The remarkable foresight of that wise and eminent statesman, Gen. Jackson, cannot be better illustrated than by the following suggestive incident which we get from the Jeffersonian Republican:

"While Gen. Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, from 1829 to 1837, he was accustomed to travel in his private carriage from Washington to his home at the Hermitage, in Tennessee. At all the stopping places on the route the people of the vicinity assembled to greet him and hold friendly intercourse together. In the summer of 1836, while passing through the Valley of Virginia, he stopped to pass the night in a village in Rockbridge county. As was his custom, he had a friendly chat with those who called to see him. Railroads at that day were few, and the public were talking and speculating upon their success and usefulness. Gen. Jackson told his hearers that they would succeed to become very popular, and turning to several young men present, he said, "Young gentlemen, you will live to see the day when these roads will become great monopolies, controlling the State Legislatures and even Congress itself; in fact they will be worse than the United States Bank." One of these young men who heard President Jackson make the above prediction thinks he has lived to all that "Old Hickory" then predicted.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,
GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. TERMS MODERATE.

M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.

Gallitzin, April 4, 1873. tf.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

HOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MOWING AND REAPING Machines.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the Farmers of Cambria county that he has secured the agency for

THREE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND RELIABLE

MOWERS & REAPERS

Manufactured in the United States, viz:

THE ORIGINAL AND UNSURPASSABLE "ÆTNA!"

which has given such universal satisfaction in this vicinity during the past four years;

The World-Renowned "BUCKEYE,"

a very simply constructed and light-running Machine. Over 150,000 now in use, with a yearly sale of from 10,000 to 12,000; and last, but not least, the

SUPERIOR OR SCREW-POWER MACHINE,

One of the most simple and lightest draught machines in use. Has no cog wheels, unnecessary shafts, or bolts or pieces.

THE SUPERIOR!

was on exhibition at the Johnstown Exposition Fair last Fall, where it was admired by all good Judges of such machines.

☞ Farmers wishing to purchase the best MOWER AND REAPER in the market are invited to call and leave their orders early with the undersigned. GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, June 6, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE

Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

CALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOOK HERE!

THE undersigned desires to inform the citizens of Chest Springs and vicinity that he has this day bought from Jas. A. Littlefield his BLACKSMITH SHOP, Stock and Tools, and will carry on the business in all its branches. Special attention paid to Horse Shoeing. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Grain taken in exchange for work.

WM. H. JONES.

Chest Springs, April 5, 1873.-3* [11-6m.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.

—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg, Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solic unedly.]

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

High street, opposite Union School House, West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. Saddles and Harness made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

THE NEW DISCOVERY

In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Catarrh.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Asthma.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Heart Disease.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Skin Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Liver.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Stomach and Bowels
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure all Female Weaknesses.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Purify the Blood.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Diseases of the Throat.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Bronchitis.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure "Rose Cold," or "Hay Fever"
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Luny Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Constipation.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Salt Rheum.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Kidney Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Cholera & Yellow Fever
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Malarious Fevers.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Breast.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Side or Back.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Are a Superior Tonic.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Appetite.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the Food to Digest.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Weak and Debilitated
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give Tone to Your System.

L. F. HYDE & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS.
195 Seventh Ave., New York.

LYON'S KATHAIRON

Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHRO," signifying to *cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It introduces the Growth and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the SAME in QUANTITY and QUALITY as it was OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country stores at only 50 Cents per Bottle.

Woman's Glory is Her Hair.

LYON'S KATHAIRON

EBENSBURG BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELERY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS,

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Mair's Hotel. Residence on Crawford st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug 27.]

MUSCULAR POWER.—The strength and dexterity of the "hamals" of Constantinople in carrying enormous burdens, says the Levant Herald, are proverbial, and it is surprising to set one of these poor Eastern porters quietly plodding his way up or down some hilly street with a perfect mountain of material piled upon his back. The loads they carry are most miscellaneous, but even old residents, *blasés* on this point, were astonished recently to see a hamal staggering along the Grande Rue de Pera with a large four-wheeled carriage—all complete except the horses—lashed on to his porter's knot. It would be interesting to know what are the habits and diet of this powerful hamal. Is he an early riser? Is he a teetotaller? Does he smoke? and how did he bring himself into such condition that he can carry a carriage instead of requiring a carriage to carry him? His muscular power must far exceed not only that of Milo, but even that of the famous English athlete, Thomas Topham, of Islington, who, on the 21st of April 1740, advertised himself to perform several feats of strength at the Nag's Head, Gateshead, on the 23rd of that month, namely: "He bends an iron poker, three inches in circumference, over his arm, and one of two inches and a quarter round his neck; he breaks a rope that will bear two thousand weight, and with his finger rolls up a pewter dish of seven pounds hard metal; he lays the back part of his head on one chair and his heels on another, and suffering four men to stand on his body; he moves them up and down at pleasure; he lifts a table six feet in length by his teeth, with half a hundred weight hanging at the farther end of it, and lastly, to oblige the public, he will lift a butt full of water." Topham, however, did not, like the hamal of Constantinople, carry a four-wheeled carriage on his back, nor did his extraordinary strength conduce to the equanimity of his temper or to his piece of mind, if we may judge by his end, for in the obituary notices of last century it is stated that on August 10, 1749, "died Thomas Topham, known by the name of the Strong Man, master of a public house in Shoreditch, London. In a fit of jealousy he stabbed his wife, then cut his own own throat and stabbed himself, after which he lived two days."

SUNSTROKE PREVENTIVE.—As we are passing through the heated term the following specific against sunstroke may save from illness and death many whose occupation oblige them to be in the field or on the street:

"About a year since I saw in a newspaper an account of a sunstroke, written by the party himself. After suffering a long time from the attack, and having to a considerable degree recovered, he experienced suffering even from the rays of the moon. This led him to the reflection that it was not altogether the heat of the sun that produced prostration. After much research he discovered that the injury came from the chemical ray, and not from the heat ray. He was guided to this by observing the fact that a photograph could not be taken through a hollow glass. Accordingly, he lined his hat with two linings—one of orange yellow to arrest the chemical ray and one of green to arrest the heat ray. Thus prepared, he went where the rays of the sun were most intense with perfect impunity. It is well known that the negro is seldom sunstruck. The color of his skin over the skull being of the orange yellow, may assist in accounting for the fact. I practiced upon this hint all last summer, lined my hat with green and orange paper, and had confidence enough in the truth of the theory to neglect my umbrella, which I had never done before. I mentioned it to many, who tried it also, and in many cases that came under my observation they uniformly asserted that the oppressive heat of the sun upon the head was much relieved."

THE ENDLESS BURNING LAMP.—Among the lost arts is that of the endless burning lamp. It is said in the time of Edward the VI a lamp was discovered in the grave of Constantine, at York, which had been burning since his burial to that time, a period of twelve hundred years. Also, in the grave of Tullia, daughter of Cicero, was found a burning lamp which was lighted at her death, fifteen hundred and fifty years before. It went out as soon as daylight was admitted. It has been suggested that gold transformed to the shape of quicksilver feed these lamps, but this is a surmise only. Yet it was certainly a clever device of the ancients to invent a lamp which would illuminate through all time the homes of their dead.

THIS is what a Virginia City newspaper says of one departed:

Aye, tenderly close his eyelids,
In the sleep of the tyrant death,
Composing his cold limbs sadly,
With tears and a bated breath.
The clods may above him harden,
With the turf, or the chilling snow—
Oh, bury your dog in the garden,
He'll make the cabbages grow.

A YOUNG MAN living near Detroit inquired of the city officials if they were going to celebrate the Fourth of July. "Because," said he, "if you are going to sling powder and have a whooping old time, I want to get a red woolen shirt and a pair of new boots, and come in with Sarah."

E. P. TIERNEY..... JAMES NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

—OF—

TIERNEY & NULL,

Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER. WM. H. SECHLER.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER

Attorneys-at-Law,

[8-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, upstairs. Entrance on Franklin street.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law,* Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

WILLIAM KITTELL, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [1-20.-tf.]

Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Scaldings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be without it. The genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c., 50c., and $1 00 per Bottle. Notice [illegible]

S.T-1860-X.

IS PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, composed simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their nature are Cathartic, Aperient, Nutritious, Diuretic, Alterative and Anti-Bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which makes the

PLANTATION BITTERS

one of the most desirable Tonics and Cathartics in the world. They are intended strictly as a

Domestic Tonic,

only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which Women are especially subject, it is surpassing every other stimulant. As a Spring and Summer Tonic, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A

Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the Flushed Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches as Pimples, dispelling dark and unsightly spots. Drives away Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence mantles the faded cheek with

YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

Hoses, Andrew DRAPER & TAILOR, 4 CLINTON STREET JOHNSTOWN, PA.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our woolen factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market rates paid for wool.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1873.-tf. T. M. JONES & SONS.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED

J. B. BURR & HYDE, PUBLISHERS, Hartford, Conn.

GIVEN AWAY.

A Fine German Chromo.

We send an Elegant Chromo, Mounted and Ready for Framing, Free to Every Agent.

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—OR,—

LIFE BELOW THE SURFACE.

BY THOS. W. KNOX.

942 Pages Octavo. 130 Fine Engravings.

Relates Incidents and Accidents beyond the light of Day; Startling Adventures in all parts of the World; Mines and Modes of Working them; Undercurrents of Society; Gambling and its Horrors; Caverns and their Mysteries; The Dark Ways of Wickedness; Prisons and their Secrets; Down in the Depths of the Sea; Strange Stories of the Detection of Crime. The book treats of experience with brigands; nights in opium dens and gambling hells; life in prison; stories of exiles; adventures among Indians; journeys through sewers and catacombs; accidents in mines; pirates and piracy; tortures of the Inquisition; wonderful burglaries; underworld of the great cities, etc., etc.

We want agents for this work, on which we give exclusive territory. Agents can make $100 a week in selling this book. Send for circulars and special terms to agents.

J. B. BURR & HYDE,
Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.

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STATIONARY & PORTABLE

Steam Engines.

The Best & Most Complete Assortment in the Market.

These Engines have always maintained the very highest standard of excellence. We make the manufacture of Engines, Boilers and Saw Mills a specialty. We have the largest and most complete works of the kind in the country, with machinery specially adapted to the work.

We keep constantly in process large numbers of Engines, which we furnish at the very lowest prices and of the best models. We build Engines specially adapted to Mines, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Tanneries, Cotton Gins, Threshers and all classes of manufacturing.

We are now building the celebrated Lane Circular Saw Mill, the best and most complete saw mill ever created.

We make the manufacture of Saw Mill outfits a special feature of our business, and can furnish complete on the shortest notice.

Our aim in all cases is to furnish the best machinery in the market, and work absolutely unequaled for beauty of design, economy and strength.

Send for Circular and Price List.

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.
UTICA, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

GREAT INDUSTRIES

OF THE UNITED STATES.

1300 PAGES AND 500 ENGRAVINGS PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN. WRITTEN BY 20 EMINENT AUTHORS, INCLUDING JOHN B. GOUGH, HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX, EDWARD ROWLAND, REV. E. EDWIN HALE, PHILIP RILEY, JAMES PARTON, HORACE GREELEY, E. B. PERKINS, ETC., ETC.

This work is a complete history of all branches of industry, processes of manufacture, etc., in all ages. It is a complete encyclopedia of arts and manufactures, and is the most entertaining and valuable work of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public. It is adapted to the wants of the Merchant, Artisan, Mechanic, Farmer, Student and Inventor, and sells to both old and young of all classes. The book is sold by agents, who are making large sales in all parts of the country. It is offered at the low price of $3 50, and is the cheapest book ever sold by subscription. No family should be without a copy. We want agents in every town in the United States, and no Agent can fail to do well with this book. Our terms are liberal. We give our agents the exclusive right of territory. One of our agents sold 235 copies in eight days, another sold 303 in two weeks. Our agent in Hartford sold 307 in one week. Specimens of the work sent to agents on receipt of stamp. For circulars and terms to agents address the publishers. J. B. BURR & HYDE,
Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. [May 2, 1873.-tf.]

Nature's Refrigerator.

Two or three years ago a Mr. Frear bought one hundred acres of land in the Kittatinny Mountain, near Delaware Gap. One day last Summer Mr. Frear, while cutting wood on the mountain, discovered near the base a wall ten or twelve feet high laid up against a perpendicular piece of apparently solid rock. He broke down a portion of the wall, and found an opening in the rock large enough to permit the passage of his body. The instant the opening was uncovered a rush of current of air escaped. It was cold as Mr. Frear in a very short time chilled through and through.

Determined to explore this singular cavern, Mr. Frear entered the opening, and found himself in a large chamber, the air being of rough and jagged rocks. The cold was so intense that he could not explore the cave further than fifty feet. Since then no person has penetrated further than 60 feet under the mountain. The draft of air is so strong at the mouth that trees 30 yards distant are kept in constant motion. One can stand but a few minutes in the mouth. A thermometer placed at 60 degrees above zero will in a short time fall to 30 in the current.

A piece of pure lead, a gun barrel, a collection of bones were found by Mr. Frear in the cavern. He threw the lead in the river before ascertaining whether were human remains or not.

A dog accompanied him on his first exploring tour. The dog leaped into the cave. Since then it has never been seen.

Hundreds of people have visited this remarkable cavern, and witnessed the mysterious phenomenon of the cold current of air. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given as to its origin. There are a number of crevices in the rocks around the opening from which there is a current of air.

Mr. Frear erected a temporary platform in front of the cave. A person standing on this five minutes would experience a sensation of almost complete numbness. It was the owner's intention to erect a passage way and erect a building over it for the accomodation of inquiring visitors. He was killed on the railroad long before his project was carried out. The cave is considered one of the greatest curiosities in the world.

A HOUSE ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—The loftiest house, and the most ancient in the matter of architecture I have ever seen, was that which a wood chopper occupied with his family one winter on the forests of Santa Cruz county. It was in the cavity of a redwood tree, twenty-two feet and eighty feet in height. Fire had burned away the trunk at the base, making a regular room had been formed about twenty feet in diameter. At twenty feet or more above the ground was a knot-hole which served as an egress for the smoke. With hooks driven in hung from pegs, and a few cooking utensils hung upon other pegs, that home had no essential thing. This remarkable possession of a house which in all probability a thousand years in process of building. Perhaps on the very day it was finished came along and entered in. Bears with jack-knife and handsaw architecture into insignificance. In the solitudes of the great Redwood house in the solitudes of the great Redwood Moreover, the tenant rated like a prince. Within thirty yards of the cabin was a mountain stream over rushing to the sea. In the stream are the sheiving rocks, if one could half a dozen trout within an hour served to go hungry as a penalty for awkwardness. Now and then a deer came out into the openings and at a great distance, quail, rabbits and grouse could be found. What did this cave man want more than Nature furnished him? Why build a house with a "cupola" two hundred and forty feet high, and game at the door for the taking it. The Arcadian simplicity would have made a lasting impression. As the old volunteer remark, that nothing could be added to give life a more perfect zest. "Well, yes," said he, of course if I was going back to town you might like to have me send me up a gallon of whisky and a couple of plug tobacco." It will not do to have a hollow tree with too much of sentiment and poetry. If that message was to be suggested, we should have been in a state of delusion to this day that the happiest people, dwelling in a house for a thousand years ago, would be in a state of perfect fullness, without means of egress. —*Overland Monthly.*

A CHOLERA REMEDY.—The Medical Record of Commerce publishes the following recipe for a cholera mixture, of which it says:

"We have seen it in constant use for nearly two score years, and found it to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. It is to be recommended for several reasons. It is not to be trifled with liquor, and therefore will not be used as an alcoholic beverage. As to its virtues, we are well known among all the profession to be valuable, and it will have no rival in the field. Each of the many ingredients is in proportion to the others, and all must be before be compounded without the loss of skill; and, as the dose is very small, it may be carried in a tiny phial in the vest or coat pocket, and be always at hand.

Tinct. opii ..... 1 drachm
Camphor ..... 1 drachm
Rhubarb ..... 1 drachm
Menth pipe ..... 1 drachm
Camphor ..... 1 drachm

"Mix the above in equal parts, and take from fifteen to thirty drops. In plain terms, take equal parts tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint, and camphor, and mix them for use. In case of violent cholera, take a dose of ten or twenty drops in a wineglass of water. Not more than a teaspoonful of water. No person has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the cholera. We commend it to our western friends, and hope that the recipe will be widely published, for we believe when no cholera is anticipated, it is an excellent remedy for ordinary summer complaint."

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county an Auditor to distribute the assets of the funds in the hands of the administrator and D. A. Luther, Executors of the last will of Emerious Bender, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, 18th day of July, 1873, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested will please attend if they think proper. JOSEPH MCDONALD,
Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-3*